

Madden (P.)
K **BOULTER's Monument.**

A

Panegyrical P O E M,

Sacred to the

M E M O R Y

Of That Great and Excellent

P R E L A T E and P A T R I O T,

The Most Reverend

Dr. HUGH BOULTER;

Late Lord Archbishop of ARDMAGH, and
Primate of ALL IRELAND.

*Nunc Ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere Laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, & tristia condere Fata)*

Agrestem tenui meditabor Arundine Musam.

Non injussa cano: siquis tamen hæc quoque, siquis

Captus Amore leget; Te nostræ, Vare, Myricæ,

Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phæbo gratior ulla est,

Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit Pagina Nomen.

Pergite, Pierides!

VIRG. Ecl. 6.

L O N D O N:

Printed by S. RICHARDSON:

And are to be Sold by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster Row*; R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*; J. BRINDLEY, in *Bondstreet*; A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*; T. LONGMAN, in *Pater-noster Row*; J. BROTHERTON, and H. WHITRIDGE, by the *Royal Exchange*; J. WHISTON, in *Fleetstreet*; and J. STAGG, in *Westminster-Hall*.

M D C C X L V.





TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

Prince of WALES.



RE AT SIR, Let others in high Numbers

False * *Gallia* sinking, and her trembling

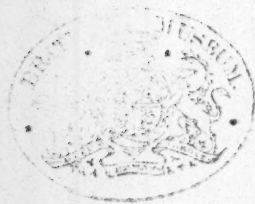
The banner'd Pomp of War, th' imbattled

Of Hosts contending for the doubtful Day : 4

The thick-throng'd Troops impaling round the Field ;

Spear clash'd with Spear, and Shield oppos'd to Shield :

* This was written some Months after the Battle of
Dettingen.





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 Spear clash'd with Spear, and Shield oppos'd to Shield :

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 Dettingen.

The raging Conflict thund'ring thro' the Plain ;
 The Storms of missive Fire, the Heaps of Slain :
 The Trumpet's Clangor, and the mingled Groan
 Of Legions slaughter'd, and of *France* o'erthrown. 10

LET them describe BRITANNIA'S Monarch arm'd,
 And Hosts resounding, by his Ardour warm'd :
 How fix'd they stood, to conquer, or to die ;
 Fierce, fir'd by Fame, and His inspiring Eye :
 How, when lost *Europe* fear'd the menac'd Chain :
 Seas, Rivers, Hills, oppos'd his Course in vain : 16
 How *Dettingen* grew red with prostrate Foes,
 Where a new *Oudenard* to Glory rose :
 Where in *French* Blood first CUMBERLAND was dy'd ;
 And CLAYTON fell — *Fame* weeping by his Side :
 While the gorg'd *Mayne*, within its sanguin'd Waves,
 Swallows the Rout of *Gallia's* vanquish'd Slaves ; 21

Rolls Heaps on Heaps ; and to glad *Ocean* shews
The Carnage of his favourite ALBION'S Foes.

UNEQUAL to such Scenes, where *Britons*, led
By GEORGE, climbo'er the Mountains of the Dead ;
My peaceful Song, in Lays instructive, paints 26
The First of Mitred Peers, and *Britain's* Saints :
That, while his Name emblazons ev'ry Page,
And his fair Model forms the rising Age,
Men in this Mirrour may true Glory see, 30
And emulate His Worth — or copy THEE!

OH PRINCE! ordain'd the Splendour of thy Race,
With Deeds transcending ancient Times, to grace !
Whose Grandeur ought to strike Presumption dumb ;
Whose Goodness makes my Vows accepted come! 35

Thou, whose diffusive Pity wide extends,
 Restores the Ruin'd, and the Good befriends;
 Whose Love, like *Ocean* circling *Albion* round,
 Supplies those Streams that quench the thirsty Ground!
 While o'er the Realm thy living Bounties shine, 40
 And make the Woes of all the Wretched Thine!
 Forgive the Muse, that, from the World retir'd,
 Breaks out, with BOULTER's matchless Merit fir'd;
 Resolv'd to shew how high true Worth may tow'r,
 Warm'd by *his* Zeal, or cherish'd by *Thy* Pow'r, 45
 To paint the beamy Charms that *Virtue* crown,
 And, veil'd in *his* bright Portrait, draw *Thine own*!

NOR write I now Your Glory to emblaze;
 Vain Task! where All promiscuous sound Your Praise:
 Your just Applause revolving Years renew, 50
 Echo'd by Nations lov'd, and loving You!

And

And *my* slight Lines augment Your Fame, no more
 Than Rains those Seas that wash fair *Athion's* Shore.
 My Views, like Yours, aspire to mend Mankind;
 Improve each Grace, and aggrandize the Mind; 55
 To kindle in our Breasts celestial Fires;
 To animate the Heart to great Desires;
 To make the Love of Heav'n-born Deeds controul
 The meaner Passions of th' exalted Soul;
 Till *Britons*, rous'd, their native Worth resume, 60
 And match th' illustrious Sons of *Greece* and *Rome*.

OH then! (in *Virtue's* sacred Name I sue,
 Who *stints* to others what she *heaps* on You)
 Indulge, GREAT PRINCE, the *vain*, but *honest* Aim,
 To point to Men the Paths of gen'rous Fame; 65
 Vouchsafe the well-meant Labour to befriend,
 Nor let the Errors of my Zeal offend:

Tho' Faults there be, who dare those Faults arraign ?
 Where *Princes* pardon, *Rigour* dooms in vain.
 Preside, *Great Judge*, and hear Thy Poet's Cause ; 70
 Oh mitigate the Critick's cruel Laws :
 And where the Muse's Wing appears declin'd,
 Think Few, like THEE, can *always* please Mankind !

FROM Thee the Song its Inspiration draws ;
 And only from Thy Sanction hopes Applause : 75
 Smile, then, propitious, on the fond Design,
 And each low Thought shall with new Lustre shine ;
 Each Word, as if it flow'd from Thee, shall charm,
 And, brighten'd by reflected Glories, warm ;
 Shall take new Graces, to the Muse unknown, 80
 And catch the Heart with Beauties not her own !

So, where the Sun, in favour'd Climates glows,
 Each meaner Flow'r with double Fragrance blows ;

Each

Each Fruit more luscious swells; the Earth refines;
 He turns the fluggish Glebe to golden Mines; 85
 And, by th' exalted Influence of his Beams,
 The kindling Cryſtal a bright Diamond gleams.

BENIGNLY, then, GREAT PRINCE, the Verſe
 [receive;
 And, gracious, bid again my BOULTER live:
 So mayſt Thou Thouſands of ſuch Subjects find, 90
 To ſerve their Country, and the World, inclin'd;
 To riſe the publick Bleſſings of Thine Iſle;
 To wake the Arts, and bid fair Science ſmile;
 To eaſe the Widow's Griefs, the Orphan's Wrongs,
 And furniſh Deeds for more enobled Songs, 95
 Till Diſcontent and Murmur hush'd remain,
 And Envy ceaſe to howl — or howl in vain!

GIVE me! Oh give me, Heav'n! to hail the Day,
 When FREDERICK'S Soul ſhall all its Force diſplay;

When He no more, like * *Julius*, sighing, views 100
 Dead Heroes Honours, but his own pursues;
 When, great in Arms, as now for Mercy fam'd,
 His Deeds are by deliver'd Realms proclaim'd:
 Then shall the Earth, enfranchis'd, bless his Sword,
 Her Tyrants sunk, her native Rights restor'd; 105
 While o'er all Seas his Fleets triumphant ride,
 And the Globe pays him Homage ev'ry Tide.

YET, while at home to softer Scenes confin'd,
 To charm AUGUSTA, and befriend Mankind,
 Thou most humane of All whom Heav'n plac'd high!
 Thou Joy of every troubled Heart and Eye! 111
 Oh born to make the Rage of Discord cease,
 And sooth contending Parties into Peace;

* *Vide Sueton. in Julio Cesare, cap. 7. Animadversa
 magri Alexandri imagine ingemuit, &c.*

To make United *Britons* more rever'd,
 And the joint Thunders of her Senates fear'd; 115
 Teach us to prize the Blessings we possess,
 Nor grudge our Kings should share our Happiness;
 That Faction blast BRITANNIA'S Joys no more,
 Where GEORGE and THOU calm Concord shall
 And, while such Princes keep her blest and free, [restore; 120
 Still find her grateful to her KING and THEE.

LABOUR Thou Other Hope of *Britain's* State! *
 Silence our Murmurs, and avert our Fate!
 Desire of Nations! lend thine healing Hand!
 Speak! calm the Storms that shake our *Albion's* Land!
 That She, to Pow'r, Arts, Arms, and Freedom born,
 May foreign Tyrants awe, as well as scorn: 127

* *Magna spes altera Romæ.* Virg.

Then shall new BOULTERS dignify the Age,
 And Peace and Joy be BRITAIN'S Heritage:
 Then shall *true* Genius soar on Wings divine, 130
 And sing the future Monarchs of Thy Line:
 Whence a long Race of Heroes shall descend,
 Arts, Liberty, and Learning, to befriend;
 To free the dreaming World from Papal Chains,
 And bless un-number'd Ages with their Reigns! 135
 E'en now, each Muse, whose Voice is heard no more,
 Amid the War of Tongues, and Party's Roar,
 Shall, thus enraptur'd, sing *Saturnian* Times,
 And make Great GEORGE and FREDERICK swell
 [their Rhimes.

So wearied *Rome*, when good *Augustus* blest, 140
 And sooth'd the Fury of her Sons to Rest,
 To peaceful Quiet charm'd their Feuds and Jars,
 And put a Period to intestine Wars;

Great

[II]

Great MARO, HORACE, OVID, strung the Lyre,
Till *Rome*, the *Muse*, and *Fame*, could rise no higher.

Samuel Madden.



BOULTER'S

Great MARY HORACE OVID, under the light
Till Rome, the Alps, and Rome, could rise no higher

Somebody



Somebody



BOULTER'S Monument :

A

Panegyrical POEM,

*Sacred to the Memory of the Most Reverend Dr.
HUGH BOULTER, late Lord Archbishop
of Ardmagh, and Primate of All Ireland.*



HALL BOULTER die, and no Memorial
[shew
A *Realm* in Ruins, and a *Church* in Woe?
Shall He, to ev'ry Art, and Muse, a Friend,
Neglected to the silent Tomb descend?
Shall no just Trophy, rais'd in grateful Verse,
Survive the 'Scutcheons fading on his Herse?

5

No

No Song his Name from dark Oblivion save,
 And cast a Glory round his holy Grave ?
 Ingratitude affects too rich a Soil
 To root and thrive in this impov'rish'd Isle : 10
 Yet, how exuberant Here that Weed has sprung,
 If, snatch'd from thankless Times, he dies unprung.

THO' dewy Tears *Hibernia's* Face o'er-run,
 Out-weeping fond * *Aurora* for her Son,
 Forbid it, Heav'n and Earth ! it should suffice, 15
 To read his Merit in *her* gushing Eyes !
 To hear his Worth vouch'd only by her Groans,
 Her Widows Sorrows, and her Orphans Moans !
 Or see it scrawl'd, unnotic'd, on the Tomb, 19
 Slumb'ring, where Temples cast their awful Gloom !

* *Luctibus est Aurora suis intenta, piasque
 Nunc quoque dat lachrymas, & toto rorat in orbe.
 Ovid. lib. 16. ver. 621.*

Ah! no, lov'd Isle! to grace This Patriot's Fall,
 Th' attendant Muses should support the Pall.
 Let not *One* Age engross the virtuous Woe,
 Thro' *Time*, the propagated Tear should flow :
 Late Days th' hereditary Grief should share, 25
 The *Father's* Debt incumb'ring ev'ry *Heir*.

BUT where's the *Bard*? — My ¹ CONGREVE is no
 [more! —
 Good ² SOUTHERNE flights the Laurel-Wreath he wore!
³ STEELE's social Hand no longer strings my Lyre!
 And scarce ⁴ SWIFT's Ashes shew the smother'd Fire!
Others we boast — tho' *most* have poorly sold 31
 The Love of *Glory*, for degrading *Gold*!

^{1 2 3 4} *These Four are only mention'd, as they flourish'd together, and were born and educated in Ireland, and are a Credit and Honour to that Kingdom. Of many other distinguish'd Writers, as they are now living, I need only say in the Words of Quintillian, on the same Subject, Sunt clari, hodieque & qui olim nominabuntur. Instit. Orat. lib. 10. § cap. 9.*

Have

Have bow'd the suppliant Knee to *Mammon* long;
And quit, for gainful *Prose*, the Heav'n-born Song.

THUS, when her Course the tempting Metal crost,
The glorious Race swift *Atalanta* lost. 36

SINCE Fate, or Wealth, have thinn'd the tuneful
What vent'rous Hand shall seize the vacant Lyre? [Quire,

Dare Men *unpractis'd*, or * *unskill'd*, to sing,
To modulate the Voice, or strike the String? 40

Presume the Weight of *such* a Name to try,
And prop this Ark, like *Uzzah*, tho' they die?
Mean Spirits, when such lofty Themes they chuse,
Disgrace the *Verse*, and desecrate the *Muse*;
While, like dull Clouds, gilt by the Ev'ning Ray, 45
They seem to *brighten*, yet *obscure*, the Day.

* Some very ordinary Poems were publish'd on his Death.

NONE,

NONE, but *Praxiteles* of Art divine,
 Should the majestic Deities design :
 No trivial Sculptors can *such* Works sustain ;
 They make the *Worshipper* the *God* disdain! 50
 The Breaths of languid Genius *vainly* strive
 To keep the Flame of BOULTER'S Pyre alive ;
 Which, blown by mighty Winds, would, blazing,
 And raise to Heav'n the Splendour of the Dead. [spread,
 For This *All* Talents should in *One* unite; 55
 How BOULTER *liv'd*, a LITTLETON should write :
His Master-Hand demands to draw This *Saint* ;
 None, but *Apelles* should young *Ammon* paint.

HENCE ! ye Profane ones, then ! nor once pretend
 To touch those Subjects which your Skill transcend !
 By no *rash* Bards be *His* Great Actions crown'd ! 61
 Bare be your Feet ! for This is Holy Ground !

Depart! — Or, near his Shrine with Rev'ence tread!
 Unhallow'd Numbers but *insult* the Dead!
 Hope not amid ethereal Fields to fail, 65
 Where e'en the strong-wing'd Eagle's Pinions fail!
 In vain you'd leap the Bounds which *Nature* drew;
 Th' *eternal* Bounds 'twixt *Excellence* and *You*!

AGAINST the Glass, thus, some imprison'd Fly,
 Darting, mistakes the *Window* for the *Sky*: 70
 The little Wretch, exerting All its Force,
 Thinks *Phæbus* aids and guides his headlong Course:
 Till, stunn'd, he sinks — he beats the Crystal Wall;
 And by aspiring, but *insures* his Fall.

YET, struck with BOULTER'S Charms, to Danger
 [blind,
 The Love of *Virtue* rushes on my Mind! 76

And,

And, could I to his Worth *One* Trophy found,
 Or, in *One* Page, preserve his Name renown'd,
 For all the Good redounding from his Store ;
 For ev'ry Wish he form'd to blefs us more ; 80
 For ev'ry Virtue which his Life adorn'd ;
 For all the Honours he possess'd, and *scorn'd* ;
 Suff'ring for *Him*, all Censure I'd despise ;
 And joyful *fall*, to lift *Him* to the Skies !

THEN, rouse, my Soul ! While *Love* and *Wonder*
 The Song ; less abject by *His* Virtues made : 86
 Tho' chill'd and spiritless, the Numbers run,
 Cold Glafs can *burn*, when it transmits the *Sun* :
 And, while thro' These low Strains his Glories gleam,
 The Verse may kindle with the borrow'd Beam : 90
Elisba's Bones could warm the buried Clay,
 And give the Dead, reviv'd, to view the Day.

And *my* faint Genius may new Force assume,
And, animated, spring from BOULTER'S Tomb.

HENCE then, mean Fears! for if the languid Tale
Can't o'er *Oblivion*, and the *Grave*, prevail, 96
Yet shall it guard his Relicks, where they sleep;
And consecrate the Tears that *Kingdoms* weep.
Methinks I feel his *Name* my Numbers raise,
And Beams of Light dart from it thro' my Lays; 100
It lends *new* Spirit to the Verse; and brings
His *Worth*, to brighten What his *Poet* sings. 1

So when cold *Memnon's* Statue felt the *Sun*,
Th' enliven'd Stone its tuneful Sounds begun.

THEN, Oh! dear Saint, forgive, that I so long
Delay'd the Tribute of this humble Song! 106

Forgive,

Forgive, that in these rude, unpolish'd Lines,
 When Thy bright Soul 'midst wond'ring Seraphs shines;
 While *Nations*, pierc'd with Grief, thy Loss deplore,
 And sunk HIBERNIA *feels* thou art no more! 110
 Forgive, if I *depress* What I would *raise*!
 Forgive, Great Shade! the *Scandal* of my *Praise*!
 By *Poverty* compell'd, the Mother-Maid
 Her Infant in the servile Manger laid:
 Then, Oh! unable to adorn the Song, 115
 Forgive, if, *thus*, thine humbled Worth I wrong!
 If, *here*, thy matchless Gifts dishonour'd be,
 Impute it to my *Wants*, but not to *Me*!

AND yet, howe'er these Lays his Fame deface,
 No abject *Flatt'ry* BOULTER shall disgrace: 120
Falshood would *vainly* hope *such* Heights to scale,
 Where *Truth* can hardly reach, tho' wing'd by *Zeal*.

For BOULTER soars so *distant* from the Sight,
 So *steep* the *Journey*, and the *Track* so *bright*,
 We tremble at the dang'rous Flights we try, 125
 Nor dare the dizzy Regions of the Sky.

A while, from far, with Transport, we survey
 His Patriot-Glories, and enjoy the *Day* :
 But Altitude, and Splendour, strike too strong,
 To let our Minds support the Vision long ! 130
 Men shun them, more than Mountain-Tops, whose Air
 Is too refin'd for mortal Lungs to bear ;
 Where tho' vast Prospects feast their ravish'd Eyes,
 And fill the Soul with Rapture and Surprise,
 They quit them ; conscious they could ne'er pretend
 To dwell upon them ; and, amaz'd, descend. 136

ON *Pisgah's* Summits, thus, fond *Moses* stood,
 And saw the *Holy Land*, replete with Good :

Confin'd

Confin'd by HEAV'N, he snatch'd a transient View ;
And, struck with Charms he ne'er could reach, withdrew.

What Virtue shall we First begin to paint? 141
Which First record — The Patriot, or, The Saint ?
What Flower from this fair Garden shall we chuse ?
This Field of Sweets, All nurs'd by heav'nly Dews ?
Purg'd from the human Drofs, he shone ! refin'd
From All that could debase, or taint, the Mind !
Mean, vulgar Souls have Virtues mix'd with Vice ;
For Fire, the Chymists say, subsists in Ice :
A Kind of Centaurs, 'twixt Two Natures plac'd ;
Piec'd up of Mind, and Body ; Man, and Beast. 150
He was All Mind ; from each gross Mixture clean ;
A Sky, without a Cloud the Light to screen :
No Vapours rose, to veil a single Ray ;
Or shade the Lustre of His lovely Day !

PLAC'D in All Views, with Beauties crown'd he
 [stood;
 Supremely Great; yet scarce so Great as Good: 156

In his high Orbit he benignly mov'd;

By *Monarchs* Honour'd, and by HEAV'N Approv'd!

By *Myriads*, for extensive Worth ador'd;

He liv'd Applauded, and he dy'd Deplor'd! 160

Lov'd by the *Good*! — nay, by the *Bad* Rever'd!

Who bless'd the *very Virtues* which they fear'd!

As *Stars*, that, with remoter Radiance, pass

Un-noted e'en by *Flamsteed's* faithful Glas

(For Worlds un-number'd roll thro' boundless Space,

To which no Constellations give a Place); 166

So *secret* Virtues, firing BOULTER'S Breast,

Shed their sweet Influence, and their Beams supprest;

There, countless Gifts, and Beauties, lay inshrind,

The native, pure, Effulgence of his Mind! 170

Which

Which *never* flatter'd *Pride* presum'd to claim ;
 At which no Bard's *Invention* dar'd to aim,
 No Parents Hopes for their lov'd Child arriv'd ;
 For which no Language has a *Name* contriv'd :
 Nor *will* — With *Him* they rose and set *alone* ; 175
 To *Few*, except the GOD who gave them, known,

WING! wing my Flight! some Force divine, on
 To Tracks impervious to th' imbody'd Eye! [high!
 Where, o'er the Sea imperial BRITAIN rides,
 And smiles serene 'midst ever-foaming Tides : 180
 There, that auspicious Spot I long to view,
 Where first the vital Air my BOULTER drew.
 Greece boasts her *Gods*, within her Confines born ;
 BRITAIN, her *Sons*, that Human Kind adorn ;
 HEAV'N's lineal Race ; tho', by the mortal Side, 185
 Ally'd to Men, who Greatly *liv'd*, and *dy'd* ;

Large

Large Souls! oft sent us, cloath'd in Flesh and Blood,
 To farm Monopolies for *doing Good*;
 To *teach*, to *charm*, to *bless*, and to *bestow*,
 And stamp the GOD on human Hearts Below! 190
Such, BOULTER! *such* his *Errand* was! whose Birth
 Rose, like bright Meteors springing from the Earth,
 To grace the Heav'ns: Born where —

BUT hold! Oh hold! what Words can paint the
 Amaze and Transport, thrill thro' ev'ry Vein! [Scene?] 195
 What sudden Wonders strike my ravish'd Eyes!
 What *more* than *mortal* Forms before me rise!
 Joy! Fear! Love! Rapture! interrupt my Song!
 Oh! if I *dream*, may Heav'n the *Dream* prolong!
 Lo! by That Fountain, 'midst yon verdant Shade, 200
 Where, sunk in Sorrow, fair HIBERNIA's laid,

The

The sacred *Muses*, pierc'd with gen'rous Grief,
 Try, with their Songs, to give her Woes Relief.
 Look! how they swell the Fountain with their Tears!
 Her drooping Head, see! faint HIBERNIA rears : 205
 At BOULTER'S Name, what *Tears*, what *Groans* arise!
 With briny Floods, so Storms assault the Skies.

BEHOLD! where CLIO, that celestial Maid,
 Rises, in native Majesty array'd :
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace, her Features shine, 210
 So beauteous, they declare her Race divine!
 CLIO! who to the Deeds of Godlike Men
 Gives Life, by her immortalizing Pen!
 Who ne'er, by *Silence*, did the *Virtuous* wrong;
 Or grac'd the *Worthless*, by a *venal Song*! 215
 Her Soul, compos'd, sits smiling in her Eyes;
 And o'er Affliction throws a kind Disguise :

Her

Her Head, incircled round with lucid Rays,
Thro' all the Woods brown Shadows darts a Blaze :
In her * Right-hand *Fame's* loud-voic'd Trump she
[rears ;
Her Left, the Works of *deathless* Writers bears. 221
But hark ! the choral Symphony's begun !
Oh catch the tuneful Numbers as they run !

* *The Attitude, Instruments, and Characters, here mentioned, have been generally ascrib'd to Clio, by the best Authors who write of the Muses. It is indeed surprising, how confus'd and indistinct the Drefs, Symbols, Instruments, and often even the very Characters, of many of the Muses appear, wherever they are either introduc'd by the old Poets, or treated of by the Mythologists, or represented by their Statues in the Works of famous Sculptors, that have been preserved from the Injuries of Time. Whoever will look into Natalis Comes, Iconol. de Ripa, or Montfaucon, &c. will soon perceive this. However, the exactest Care has been taken, in this new Attempt, to describe every Muse, to assign them all the peculiar Marks, Symbols, or Characteristicks, that have been generally appropriated to any one of them, by classical Authors, or learned Antiquaries.*

The

The bounding Notes each Chord convulsive swell,
 In Haste HIBERNIA's Sorrows to dispel: 225
 As a rich Cordial, BOULTER's *Praise* she brings,
 Watch! watch the Sounds! attend! attend! --- she sings!





CLIO.



E hush'd, mean *Sorrows* ! *Merit* smiles at
[*Death* !

Each grateful *Muse* embalms it with her
[*Breath* .

To comfort griev'd HIBERNIA, let us
[raise

Her *Guardian's* Fame, by no ignoble Lays :

First, to his Name, *I* strike the vocal Shell ;

Few *Princes*, Now, deserve our Song so well !

Thou Foremost in the Race of *wond'rous Men* !

My Lyre is *Thine* ! disdain a mortal Pen !

235

YET all *fictitious* Honours we disclaim ;

Truth must the Basis be of *lasting* Fame.

We ne'er inspir'd the Slaves, whose Rhymes applaud

Their *Lewis*, till the *Tyrant* struts a *God* !

Whose

Whose Panegyricks, while his *Pride* they sooth, 240
 Make * Streams of *Falshood* roll with Drops of *Truth*:
There All appears so *vast*, and in Excess,
 Making him *more* than *Man*, they make him *less*,
 While on his Fame a laurel'd Wood attends ;
 Crush'd, like *Tarpeia*, with the Load he bends, 245 }
 Destroy'd by the *false* Bounties of his Friends.
 Nor let us with *deceitful* Sculptors vie,
 Who, in vast Churches, set their Saints on high,
 Thrice bigger than the Life ; and *gild* them o'er,
 Lest prying Eyes the lurking *Brass* explore. 250
 No *borrow'd* Excellence be meanly feign'd ;
 No *pious* *Frauds* devis'd, or *Truths* o'erstain'd !
Such Arts may stamp, an *Hypocrite* a *Saint* ;
 But BOULTER's Beauty scorns the Glare of *Paint*.

* This is taken from a severe Reflection of Theocritus
 Chios, on the Orator Anaximenes.

Ἀρχεται λέξεων μὲν ποταμός, νοῦ δὲ θαλάσμιος.

V. Vossius Instit. Poet. p. 2.

L E T Others boast, or *feign*, some splendid Race;
 Their fading Honours with vain Names to grace :
His Glories came not by Descent of Blood ; 257
 Nor thro' long Lists of ancient Patriots flow'd :
This ABRAM ow'd not to his *Race* his Fame,
 But rose *Himself*, a *Nation*, and a *Name* ! 260

ROUSE, dear HIBERNIA ! feel th' enlivening
 Each *Muse* His various Virtues shall display : [Lay ;
 His P I E T Y, that oft the Clouds has scal'd,
 And, wrestling, *Jacob*-like, with G O D prevail'd,
First in the *Verse*, as in his Life, shall shine ; 265
 And, like the *Subject*, be the *Song*, Divine !
 Round thy lov'd Isle his righteous Deeds proclaim,
 And mark, with Trophies, his Ascents to Fame :
 Where he so clos'd the Task his G O D had giv'n ;
 On *Earth* he did *His* Will, as, Now, in *Heav'n* : 270

Where,

Where, tho' refin'd, he fills a *nobler* Sphere ;
 Yet the *same Love of God* adorn'd him Here.

SUCH was his wond'rous Piety Below ;
 With *such* Devotion us'd his Heart to glow ;
 As if he thought Life's single Business there, 275
 Was, worthy Actions sanctify'd by Pray'r.
 And, as This World his Road to *Heav'n* he found,
 He *pray'd*, and thought he travell'd holy Ground.

To *Men* a cordial Amity he bore ;
 But *God* possess'd his warm Affections *more* : 280
 To *Him* he burn'd in *nobler* Heights of Love ;
 Thus, *Stars*, to You, are *Suns* to Worlds above ;
 And, while to *Earth* they send a friendly Ray,
 To *their own* Orbs they blaze a *total Day*.

D

But

But tho' Religion all his Soul ingross'd, 285
 The *Man* was never in the *Zealot* lost.
 For *Creeds* he persecuted none ; because
 He left to Heav'n its own Great penal Laws :
 Blind fiery Zeal, that *Light'ning* of the Soul,
 That kills, where-e'er the Papal Thunders roll, 290
 Where All must be *convinc'd*, or else *undone*,
 He taught God's Messengers of Peace to shun ;
 And bid false *Rome* on *Racks* and *Knives* rely,
 Where Men by public Standards *think*, or *die* !

'TwiXT the Two Tables sharing all his Life, 295
 His *Pray'rs* and *public Labours* seem'd at Strife :
 But each, in Turn successive, bore the Sway ;
 For *Pray'rs* all Night were turn'd to *Deeds* all Day.
 Immers'd in *Earth*, poor Mortals seldom rise 299
 To *heav'nly* Heights, that lift them near the Skies !

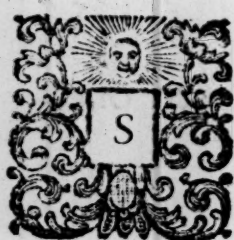
He

He was so much a *Seraph* Here, his Change
 Look'd slight ; nor was the bright Transition strange :
 His Thoughts, Works, Cares, so near to *Theirs* ally'd,
 He found but little Diff'rence when he dy'd.
 To Heav'n, *scarce alter'd*, This ELIJAH's gone ; 305
 And, mix'd with *Saints*, perceives *he* had been one.





POLYHYMNIA.



HE ceas'd — uprising POLYHYMNIA
 [springs,
 And tones the golden Chords, before she
 [sings.
Elysian Roses wreath'd around her
 [Head,
 Thro' the delighted Air sweet Odours shed. 310

Loose in the Breeze her long white Garment flew ;

While o'er her snowy Breasts the *Zephyrs* blew.

She seem'd, at once, divinely wise and fair ;

The *Muse*, the *Maid*, the *Goddeſs*, form'd her Air.

Tho' fam'd from early Time for tuneful Lays, 315

With GRANVILL'S Bloom she ſhone, and RICHMOND'S
 [beauteous Blaze.

Not with more Joy fair AYLESBURY is ſeen ;

Or dwells the Eye on ſweet AUGUSTA'S Mien :

Not

Not lovelier Charms bright SHAFTSB'RY's Virtues grace ;
 Or croud, assembled in great CHURCHILL's Race: 320
 Scarce WINCHELSEA is view'd with more Surprize;
 Or with more Glory shine CLANRICKARD's Eyes.
 Pierc'd to the Soul, she feels HIBERNIA's Fears,
 And, mournful, sees her unavailing Tears :
 Then, gently sighing, strikes her Iv'ry Lyre, 325
 And thus her Voice sets the loud Strings on Fire.

TO PIETY, fair Consort of his Mind,
 Each Science with the Pow'rs of Language join'd:
 Each, sort'd in his Soul, possess'd its Place,
 Like the vast Orbs arrang'd in endless Space; 330
 And, unconfus'd, their beauteous Courses run;
 Enlighten'd by his *Judgment*, as a *San*.

His *studious* Turn he often check'd ; and chose
 To mix That Knowledge which from *Action* flows.
 The World's great Page he turn'd ; and, watchful, thence
 Drew Truths, digested by superior Sense. 337
 Thence plastic Reason form'd prudential Arts,
 To fathom human Minds, and mend their Hearts ;
 To tame the Temper, rein the manag'd Soul, 340
 Attune the Passions, and their Rage controul :
 Things to their Sources trac'd, his piercing Wit
 Fix'd what was *great*, or *base* ; *absurd*, or *fit* ;
Wise, or *imprudent* ; *mix'd*, or *good*, or *ill* ;
 And watch'd the Balance of the wavering Will : 345
 Bounds set to *Truth* and *Error* ; *Wrong* and *Right* ;
 He trac'd the Dawn dividing Day from Night ;
 And rang'd, like NEWTON, ev'ry various Ray,
 That pours upon the Soul the *Mental* Day. 349

THUS,

THUS, as Mens *Natures* and their *Works* he knew,
 He scorn'd *false* Knowledge, while he lov'd the *true*:
 Frequent he *read*; but *thought* yet *more*; and made
 A mingled Life, of Sunshine and the Shade.
 Tho' oft he feasted on what Others write,
 Men had the *Day*, while *Science* watch'd the *Night*.
 For, tho' he lov'd *dead* Authors Stores to read, 356
 Yet, as on *living* Quarries Eagles feed,
 On *Conversation* he depended more,
 To touch That Bullion, and refine their Ore.
 For, when he read, his quick-ey'd Prudence found,
 With *Guesses* and *Opinions* Books abound, 361
 More than with *Light* and *Truth*; and thence the Age
 Stood his expounding Comment on the Page.

HE took not Thoughts on Trust; but lov'd to be
 From that mean Vassalage of Readers free. 365

From *his own* Springs he drew ; and, as the Great
 Disdain to rent from Others an Estate ;
 But, Lords of fruitful wide Domains, depend
 On Lands they need not labour to extend ;
 So His *large Mind*, rich in its native Fund, 370
 The Poring of the puzzled Book-worm shunn'd :
 He gain'd, by *Converse* and *Reflection*, more
 Than he had glean'd by pond'ring *Folio's* o'er :
Large Volumes, tho' with Taste and Genius writ,
 He found, for those who Nations rule, unfit. 375
 Of *living* Truths *Experience* clears the Springs :
 * *Words* are *Mens* Daughters, but God's Sons are *Things*.

HE got not Learning, therefore, just for Sale,
 To vend it out, and live on the Retale :

* *A famous Axiom of the great Hippocrates.*

Such

Such Men of Science make a lofty Show ; 380

As *Woods* hide *barren Marshes* where they grow.

Th' *embroider'd Pomp* of *Pedantry* he scorn'd ;

His *Reading* more his *Deeds* than *Words* adorn'd :

For as, in *Hives*, the *Bee*, digestive, pours

Rich *Stores*, extracted from a *Waste* of *Flow'rs* ; 385

So did *his* penetrating *Mind* reduce

Whate'er he *thought*, *read*, *heard*, or *saw*, to *Use* :

And lodg'd, within the *Treas'ry* of his *Breast*,

Truths, *Arts*, and *Rules*, to make your *Nation* blest.

SOME but the *Shallows* of each *Science* ply ; 390

Yet throw their pedling *Wares* on ev'ry *Eye* :

Unskill'd the *Depths* of *Learning's* *Sea* to sound,

They coast her *Shore*, and run full-sail aground.

He, tho' he plow'd her *Oceans* long, disdain'd 394

To vaunt the *Treasures* which his *Toils* had gain'd.

But

But candid *Truth*, and *Dignity* serene,
 Produc'd his Stores, unwilling to be seen :
 His deep-read Skill so diffident appear'd,
 As, to *insult* th' unletter'd World he fear'd :
 It only waited, as a menial Groom, 400
 To usher in *choice Friends*, and shew his *private Room*.

So, when a *Palace* mounts into the Skies,
 The *Scaffolds* help to make the Building rise :
 But, when 'tis finish'd, all must disappear; 404
 Nor croud the Structure, which they help'd to rear.





THALIA.

HE spoke — Immediate, with conspicuous
[Grace,
Supremely bright, THALIA took her Place.

Her sprightly Spirits chilling Sorrows
[freeze ;
Her piercing Eyes unwonted Languors seize ;

When sad H I B E R N I A from the Ground she rears, 410

And kisses from their Crystal Fount her Tears.

Her Ruffet-Robe the comic Mask conceals;

No joyous Smiles her pensive Mien reveals :

Her Face looks pallid with the with'ring Grief;

Nor sprightly Lays, or Revels, give Relief: 415

No pointed Jests, nor Repartees, beguile

Her Woe; nor *Satires*, *stinging* while they *smile*.

The

The *painted Life*, the *mimic Scene*, the *Roar*,
Of *Theatres*, delight her Soul no more.

Careless, an Ivy-Chaplet shades her Head ; 420

Her Feet upon her Flute disdainful tread :

A Sky-dy'd Mantle veils her slender Waste,

While *thus* th' Illustrious Dead her Numbers grac'd :

GREAT Soul, in mighty *Virtue* form'd to shine!
To loftier Lays the Hero I resign : 425

Content in *lower* Scenes thy Life to paint,

I draw the *Man*, but cannot sing the *Saint*.

Tho' nought in *Thee* was *little*, yet my Song

The *least* of all thy Virtues grieves to wrong.

FROM each Allurement of the *Senses* freed, 430

Voluptuous Joys could ne'er his Soul mislead :

A noble

A noble Mind disdains such Slaves Commands,
 Nor * hears the Reins of Empire in their Hands.
 For *Him*, to all the Pride of Folly dead,
 Her Nets in vain entangling Pleasure spread ; 435
 Held up the Lure to his superior Eye,
 And sigh'd, to see him pass contemptuous by.

BOUND to the Mast, so, when *Ulysses* fail'd,
 To catch his Soul the sweet-voic'd *Syrens* fail'd :
 Tho' *soft* the Numbers, and tho' *smooth* the Strain,
 The Heart-enchancing Song was sung in vain. 441

HE stoop'd not down to the dark World below ;
 But fought *its* Errors, and *his own*, to know.

* *This Metaphor is frequently us'd by the best Classics. It is not only applied to Horses, but, by Virgil, even to the Chariot.*

Fertur Equis Auriga, neque audit Currus Habenas.

He saw Your Globe in Night bewilder'd lay,
 And, calm, survey'd the Realms of *Reason's* Day. 445
 Lord of his Passions, this exalted Mind
 Inferior Things to *little* Souls resign'd.
Equal the World's low Grievs and Joys he priz'd ;
Alike its Honours, or Neglects despis'd.
 Soaring above This *Earth*, he scorn'd to try 450
 Pleasures, that with the Body spring and die.

SUCH was his *Temperance*, that, as we read
 Of Angel-Forms, that but *appear'd* to feed,
 Or *slightly* tasted your terrestrial Meat ;
 In *Him* it look'd like *Complaisance* to eat. 455
 On *his own* Charity he seem'd to live,
 And, grateful, bless'd the stinted Donative :

Yet

Yet took so little, as he meant to try,
 Like * *Achmet*, while he breath'd, what 'twas to die.

HIS Life was so severe and strict a Fast, 460
 'Twas strange, how Nature, so restrain'd, could last.
 But thus his *Body* to the *Soul* subdu'd,
 Scarce could a sensual Thought or Wish intrude :
 Not that he found his Blood to Sin inclin'd,
 But curb'd his *Palate*, to regale his *Mind*. 465

* *A famous Grand Vizir in Solomon the Magnificent's Time ; who, being order'd to be strangled with the Bow-string, refus'd to die by the Hands of the Mutes, but begg'd a Friend of his, who stood by, to do that last Office for him ; and, when he was near expiring, to let him come to himself again for some Minutes, and quite revive, before he strangled him absolutely ; which was punctually observed ; that (as Busbequius speaks in his second Epistle) Mortem, antequam moreretur, gustaret ; nec semel mori voluisse.*

HE loath'd the Drunkard's Fume, the nightly *Feast*,
 The Cup of *Circe* turning *Man* to *Beast*;
 The Rev'llers Roar, the vast incircled Bowl,
 That swells the *Heart*, but overwhelms the *Soul*:
 And sigh'd, to see Your Island sink undone! 470
 Like * *Clarence* plunging in the fatal Tun.

FREE from the Gout, the Dropsy, and the Stone,
Some Wine he took for *Health*; for *Pleasure*, *None*;
 Resolv'd th' imperious Appetites to rein,
 He knew that *sober Nature* loves a Mean. 475
Excess he spurn'd, that *Handmaid* of the Grave,
 Disease's *Nurse*, the rich Man's wedded *Slave*.

* Edward the Fourth's Brother, who was drown'd by the Duke of Gloucester in a Butt or Tun of Wine. — Ireland is perishing the same Way by French Wine; which, in Time, unless new Taxes are laid on it, must necessarily beggar that Island.

His

His temp'rate Veins no hostile Ferments fir'd ;
 He lent the *Body* what its Wants requir'd.
 The Sensualist he scorn'd, who *lives* to *eat* ; 480
 And drowns, in Wine, destructive Loads of Meat.
 The luscious Bane so Vermin ravin first,
 Then, bursting, drink, to quench the fatal Thirst.

AND yet, as * *Daniel*, who abstemious fed,
 The limpid Stream his Drink, and Pulse his Bread,
 Look'd fairer than the Youths in Riot nurs'd, 486
 And with Excess of *Persian* Plenty curs'd ;
 So did his Countenance appear to all,
 The Seat of Health and Life before the *Fall* :
 At least, before the Sins and Lusts of Man 490
 Had sunk succeeding Ages to Their Span.

* *Daniel*, chap. I. v. 12, and 15.

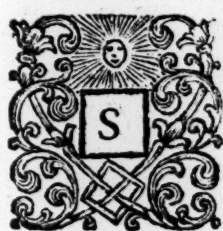
Thus Heav'n rejoic'd his Temperance to bless,
 Whose † *Thirst* and *Hunger* was for *Righteousness*.

† Matth. c. V. v. 6. *the very Words*.





E U T E R P E.



HE stopp'd — E U T E R P E next the Strain
 [assum'd ;
 With *Spring's* eternal Rose her Beauty
 [bloom'd :
 While on her *Charms* All Eyes, delighted,
 [gaze,
 Un-noted, round her Neck, the *Diamonds* blaze.

An Emerald Orb lay brilliant on her Chest,
 Which, heaving, shew'd the Tempest in her Breast.
 Adown her Shoulders flow'd a rich Cymar, 500
 Emblazon'd round with many a lucid Star.
 Wove in a Garland, drooping Flow'rets hung,
 Kissing her Brows, and trembling, as she sung.
 Her Tear-swell'd Eyes were of their Darts disarm'd ;
 And yet, in *Grief*, the lovely Mourner *charm'd*, 505

Her *Head* on lov'd HIBERNIA's *Cheek* reclin'd,
 In *One* sad Stream their bursting Sorrows join'd.
 Like VENUS fair emerging from the Sea,
 She rose, and shook th' *unwilling* Drops away.
 The *sacred Sisters* mute Attention lend, 510
 And the calm'd Winds their ling'ring Wings suspend,

THUS blest'd, he *wisely* govern'd *Church* and
 [State ;
 In Each *deserv'd*, and *fill'd*, the highest Seat.

Those Heights, without Ambition he attain'd,
 The *World*, not *He*, by his Promotion gain'd. 515
 In Aqueducts, the River, forc'd to run,
 Ascends the *Skies*, and nearer views the *Sun*.
 Useful it rolls, and fills its lofty Place ;
 Rais'd but to *bless* and *serve* the *human Race* :

Thence,

Thence, like *Eridanus*, thro' *Heav'n* it flows; 520

Thence BOULTER o'er the *Church*, exalted, rose.

WEALTH he disdain'd, near *Princes* tho' he stood;
His *Grandeur* only made him *greatly Good*:

He us'd it merely as a just Defence

To *sacred Worth*, or *injur'd Innocence*: 525

To *tame* wild impious Rage; and, bold, oppose

Those Storms, that fierce against *Religion* rose.

Thus, *mighty Mountains*, while they rise on high,

With their vast Heads support the bending Sky:

Unmov'd, they stand aloft 'midst Winds and Rains,

And kindly fend and overshade the Plains: 531

And, while the furious Blasts around them blow,

Shelter the fruitful Vales that sleep below.

THRONES are but *Steps* to *Fame* for glorious
[Kings;
And *Pow'r*, in *Him*, serv'd but as *Virtue's Wings*; 535

Serv'd but to lift his gen'rous Thoughts, and show
 How near to Heav'n Worth, high-advanc'd, may go.
 Mean Views detested, This enlighten'd Man
 Rul'd your fair Church on its own FOUNDER's Plan :
 Ere *Empire's* burning Lust, ere *Papal* Fraud, 540
 And Plots for *Gold*, had banish'd *Truth* and GOD.

To the vow'd Ends of his Commission true,
 No Int'rests Here, but those of *Heav'n*, he knew.
 He taught his Priests to spread th' ethereal Seeds,
 And vouch their *holy Truths* by *holy Deeds*. 545
 No Great-Mens *Slaves*, no *Cousins* of their *Whores*,
 Nor my Lord's *Fool* in Orders, fill'd his Cures :
 But such, as by their *Lives*, distinguish'd stood,
 Summ'd and selected from the *Learn'd* and *Good*.
 For, as GOD's Laws, for * *Sacrifice*, disclaim'd 550
 The Victim that was *leprous*, *blind*, or *maim'd*,

* Leviticus, chap. XXII. ver. 22.

Much more he thought his *chosen Priests* should be
From each *gross* Fault, or *moral* Blemish free.

As *Worth* had rais'd him, *worthy* Men he serv'd ;
And blush'd, to see *true* Merit *prais'd*, and *starv'd* !
The lavish Board abridg'd, where Aliens fed, 566
Enlarg'd the Pittance of the *Curate's* Bread.
He made *Advancement* swell the Lab'rer's Pay,
Who bore the Heat and Burthen of the Day ;
Who dress'd the Vineyard oft with *nobler* Toil, 560
Than those who eat the *Fruit*, and own the *Soil*.
Nor aw'd by *Power*, nor by vile *Int'rest* ty'd,
For fair *Desert* he glory'd to provide.
Deaf to the Calls of near-allianc'd Blood, 564
Like * CHRIST, he own'd no Kinsmen but the *Good*.

* Luke chap. VIII. ver. 21.

Fair * *Honour's* Road thro' *Virtue's* Temple lay ;
 (There *Merit* ne'er was heard *in vain* to pray)
 And *Zeal*, conspicuous, smooth'd the arduous Way. }
Friendship, nay *Gratitude*, he thought a *Sin*,
 If, *good* Men barr'd, they let the *Vicious* in. 570

To *diff'rent* Prelates *diff'rent* Talents fall ;
 Some *These*, some *Those* possess, but BOULTER *All!*
All that were useful to support the Cause
 Of *Truth*, and GOD, and *Virtue's* flighted Laws ;
 To mend the *Morals* of a *faithless* Race, 575
 And to *Religion* give its *native* Grace.
 In *Him* such *heap'd-up* Excellence combin'd,
 With such *united Glories* beam'd his Mind ;

* *The Temples of Virtue and Honour were built in that Manner.*

That as augmenting * *Carraëts* vastly raise
 Th' advancing Value of the *Diamond's* Blaze, 580
 So *Worth* to *Worth* conjoin'd rais'd BOULTER higher,
 For *Weight* and *Splendour* form'd this Gem intire.
 And, as All *Honours* met, to make him *great*,
 All *Virtues* form'd a *Prelate's* Life complete.

O'ER his lov'd Flocks a faithful Watch he kept,
 And wak'd, when many a lazy Pastor slept. 586
 In vain the *Wolf* for Midnight Ravin howl'd,
 Gnash'd at the Pale, and round the Barrier prowld!
 The *Fox*, presumptuous of his Wiles, in vain
 Devis'd a luscious Banquet of the Slain : 590
 His Cares beguil'd those Felons of their Prey;
 And both were hunted down in open Day!

* *A Kind of Weight by which Jewels are weigh'd ; which, as they increase in any Jewel, raise the Value immensely.*

The *Lambs* to *Brooks*, and *flow'ry Lawns*, he led;
Rul'd with his *Eye*, and with his *Pastures fed*.
 From *Rocks*, from *Mountains*, and the *devious Wood*,
 He drove them to the *level Plains* for Food. 596
 Some *starve* their *Sheep*! and, while the *Fleece* is fold,
Grudge their *mean Labours*, or *neglect* the *Fold*!
 Sway'd by his *Crook*, obsequious to his *Call*,
 He *cherish'd*, *tended*, *watch'd*, and *guarded ALL*! 600

NOR, in the *Vineyard*, were his *Labours* less,
 To quell the *Brambles*, and the *Vines* to dress.
 Ere they could sprout, he crush'd the *noxious Seeds*,
 And on the ranker *Grounds* subdu'd the *Weeds*:
Ill-Bearers prun'd, he bade the *Tendrils* raise 605
 Their *Heads*, and swell with the celestial *Blaze*:
 Chear'd by the *Skies*, to load the *Earth*, and grow,
 In spite of all the *blasting Winds* that blow:

Their

Their *branching Clusters* 'midst the Clouds to shoot;
And, fed from *Heav'n*, to *Heav'n* exalt their *Fruit*.

NOR miss'd GOD's *Field* the Culture of his Hand;
There his long Toils enrich'd thy *barren Land*: 612
Turning the *Glebe* to feel the *solar Beams*,
He warm'd the *frozen Clods* with *genial Flames*. 614
There planted *Acorns*, where he stubb'd the *Thorn*,
And where he burn'd the *Darnel*, sow'd the *Corn*:
Whence *such* an Harvest o'er thine Isle was spread,
Angels might *reap*, and *future Times* be fed! 618





TERPSICHORE.



HE paus'd --- when, with endearing Ardour,
 [rose
 TERPSICHORE, to sooth HIBERNIA'S
 [Woes.
 With Friendship's holy Warmth her Arms
 [embrac'd,
 And, 'midst the circling Ermines, clasp'd her Waist.

Us'd to delight the World with *learned* Ease,
 And, with soft Arts, th' unbended Soul to please ;
 Now to illustrious Heights she tunes the Strain, 625
 And, with the balmy Comfort, sooths the Pain.

On sunk HIBERNIA now her Eyes she turn'd ;
 Now, fixt on high, her Loss, indignant, mourn'd.

A Zone, where Amethysts in Blushes flame,

Begirt the Robe of the resplendent Dame : 630

A clouded Scarf, wove in the Looms above,
 Veils her white Breast; the guarded Throne of Love.
 Hush'd were the various Instruments of Sound,
 That, in majestic Silence, strew'd the Ground :
 When on the *Harp*, by *her* invented, play'd, 635
 And, thus enraptur'd, sang the deathless Maid.

NOR wanted less the *State*, or felt his Care ;
 His *Thoughts*, his *Hands*, his *Eyes*, were
 He the *main* End of Government pursu'd, [ev'ry-where.
 The Great, the Godlike Power of *Doing Good*! 640
 Loving his *Prince*, he us'd endearing Arts,
 To root his Empire in his People's *Hearts*.
 Too coldly *worshipp'd*, and too faintly *known*,
 GOD on Mens *Love* first builds His glorious Throne :
 Then *Pow'r* succeeds ; and Humankind are aw'd 645
 To *own* the SOV'REIGN, and *obey* the GOD.

HENCE, mild, he sooth'd fierce Parties in thy State;
 Temper'd their *Venom*, and relax'd their Hate.
 E'en *Rome's* vow'd Vassals, ever Foes to *Peace*,
 Calm'd by his Arts, tho' restless, liv'd at Ease; 650
 Nor felt, to *Scorpions* turn'd, the Statute's *Rods*,
 Against their *foreign Faith*, and *Waver Gods*.
 His Toils thus kept e'en *Faction* blest and free,
 Grumbling, like *Jews*, in their *Theocracy*!

CONTENDING Foes, by his known Goodness won,
 Their Rage appeas'd, to *his* Decisions run. 656
 Their loud Complaints assiduous to redress,
 He lov'd to *reconcile*, *befriend*, and *bless*.
 And as the *Tribune's* Doors, by Night, by Day,
 To aid the injur'd *Commons*, open lay; 660
 So was his House as free to frequent Throngs,
 To guard their *Liberties*, and ease their *Wrongs*.

FOR guiltless Blood, when *Jews* for Vengeance fled,
 Appointed Cities sav'd the refug'd Head : 664
 Thus, when thy Sons or *felt*, or *dreaded*, Harms,
 Round BOULTER press'd in supplicating Swarms.
 Before his Gates, *Protection* and *Redress*
 Spread wide their Arms to fugitive *Distress*.
 His Kindness, taught by *Christian Love* to flow,
 Heard Ev'ry Cry, and soften'd Ev'ry *Woe*! 670

NOR did such *mighty* Cares surcharge his Mind ;
 To bear up *Worlds* This *Atlas* was design'd.
 His *Heart*, that well-fram'd Engine, gather'd *Heat*,
 And gain'd Increase of *Vigour* from the *Weight*.
 With vast Employments charg'd, he only strove, 675
 By *greater* Toils, their Pressure to remove.
 For mighty Vessels scarcely *feel* their Load,
 But spread *more* Sail, and safely reach their Road.

UNTOIL'D

UNTOILD with *Business*, pleas'd when *most*
 He held each *Leisure* in his Life a *Void*. [employ'd,
680

One End, each *Act*, each *Word*, each *Thought* pursu'd;
 Still rose predominant the *public Good*.

Gentle he rul'd; a *Friend* to human Race!

His *Heart*, benign, fate open in his *Face*!

'Twas legible, at *Sight*, to ev'ry Eye; 685

Nor ever *wanted* once, or *fear'd* a *Spy*!

So *meek* his *Soul*, so *mild* his Government,

E'en *Vice* seem'd punish'd by its own *Consent*:

So kind to *Merit*, it appear'd to be

Self-Love, disguis'd in *Generosity*! 690

Mens *Peace* and *Piety* alike possess

His *Thoughts*; their *present* and *eternal* Rest.

Each Moment to thy Nation's Welfare giv'n,

He serv'd their Int'rests both in *Earth* and *Heav'n*.

THUS

THUS *Venus*, brightly shining from afar, 695
 Is both your *Morning* and your *Ev'ning* Star;
 Waits on the Dawn of Heav'n's returning Light,
 And gilds Earth's Horrors at th' Approach of Night.

WITH Care like *his*, round favour'd *Realms*, or
 The *Guardian-Angels* spread their sacred Wings: 700
 Assiduous, so, presiding o'er the *State*,
 He only lov'd the *Toil* of being *great*.
 Nor were those Toils to servile Views apply'd,
 To Swell his *Wealth*, or Gratify his *Pride*.
 His Views all center'd in This Point alone, 705
 " To *serve* Mankind, and make *their* Cause *his* own.


BUT tho' he govern'd with prudential Care,
 His *human Policy* was help'd by *Pray'r*:
 This stopp'd th' impending Vengeance oft on high,
 And shielded *Myriads*; — else ordain'd to *die*! 710

In ev'ry deep Distress thy Sons to aid,
 As Governor, he *help'd*; as Prelate, *pray'd*:
 And God, His *Saint* unwilling to refuse,
Spar'd them, as once he did the murm'ring *Jews* ;
 When, calm'd by *Moses*' Vows, His Wrath withdrew
 The *Judgments* to their long *Transgressions* due! 716





E R A T O.

 HE ended there — when E R A T O arole;
 Whose Charms the Heav'n descended Muse
 [disclose:
 The lovely Native of the Realms of Light

Shone out with everlasting Beauty bright. 720

In sportive Ringlets flew her auburn *Hair*,

And with ambrosial Sweets perfum'd the Air;

A Sapphire Fillet, wrought with bleeding Hearts,

Winding its Course, the waving Tresses parts.

Her beauteous *Breast* a golden Poitrell grac'd; 725

Large Orient Pearl in Circles bound her *Waist*.

The little *Loves*, that us'd to clap their Wings,

And *laugh*, when of Their gay Delights she sings,

Now fret, to see her *Song* to *Sorrow* turn'd ; 729

And ask each other, Why she *wept* and *mourn'd* ?

Some to the Woods remotest Shades retire,

And, frighten'd, listen to her plaintive Lyre ;

Peep thro' the Leaves, and, wond'ring at her Tears,

Whisper, That BOULTER was *no Friend* of *Theirs* !

Some frown, reluctant that her moving Lay 735

Should *melt* their *Hearts*, and quite suspend their *Play* :

While *some* their *Arrows* whet, or try their *Bows* ;

Or, tumbling on the Grass, *neglect* her Woes.

She, with a Mien expressive of her *Pain*, 739

Thus spoke, and faint HIBERNIA blest'd the Strain :

BOTH

BOTH as he held the * *Crosier* and the * *Sword*,
He *Justice*, Heav'n's Vicegerent *Here*, ador'd.

No *Arts*, no *Pray'rs*, could screen th' *unrighteous Cause*;

No *Bias* turn the Current of the *Laws*.

Un-brib'd, un-aw'd, impartial, and un-mov'd, 745

Nor *Friend* or *Foe* he knew, nor *fear'd* or *lov'd*?

But *equal*, as he poiz'd the balanc'd Scale,

Calm, as just † NEWPORT, let fair *Truth* prevail.

INCESSANT, thus, those Paths he ever trod,

That, up the Steeps of *Virtue*, lead to GOD. 750

And as, of Old, *Dictators*, from the Field,

Where they had forc'd *Rome's* fiercest Foes to yield,

* Both as Lord Primate and Lord Justice of Ireland.
Which last Office he held by Ten different Patents under several Lord-Lieutenants.

† The present Lord-Chancellor of Ireland.

Harraſs'd with Scenes of Blood, and Feats of Arms,
 Return'd in Peace to plough their private Farms :
 So was his *Reſt* but vary'd *Toil*; intent 755
Good to promote, or Evil to prevent.
 The *Nights* of his laborious *Days* were giv'n,
 To Mending *Man*, or Supplicating *Heav'n*.
 Yet oft his Love of *Juſtice* ſtopp'd his *Pray'rs*,
 To ſee the *Laws* exerted by his *Cares*; 760
Vice to Extirpate, and to Punish *Crimes*,
 And purge the *evil Habit* of the Times.

BUT as the GOD he ſerv'd, loves *Mercy* Beſt
 Of His high Attributes, and *Vengeance* Leaſt;
 So, to *forgive* and *pity* moſt inclin'd, 765
 None but the *gentleſt* Paſſions ſway'd his Mind.
 When forc'd *confess'd* Offenders to chaſtiſe,
Parental Sorrow fill'd his flowing Eyes.

Averſe

Averse to punish, and rejoic'd to spare,
 With *greedy* Ears he drank the Suppliant's *Pray'r*.
Severity, like *Ægypt's* Plagues, he taught, 771
 Oft *harden'd* Hearts, and *froze* the *melting* Thought;
 While *Mercy*, Queen of all the *Passions*, brings
Love and *Repentance* on her *healing* Wings !

IN *ev'ry other* Cause his *Zeal* was shown, 775
 And *ev'ry* Wrong redress'd, except *his own* !
 Whoever struck at *him*, astonish'd, found
 He might as well the yielding *Water* wound ;
 That, when some outward Force divides its Waves,
 Closes the Breach, and no Impression leaves ; 780
 So little his *impassive* Soul was mov'd,
 The *Blow* was Pardon'd, and th' *Offender* Lov'd !
 He thought *Resentment*, if it lasted long,
 Turn'd into *Guilt*, and *justify'd* the *Wrong*.

SOME

SOME *cancel* Injuries, as Men a *Debt*, 785
 For which they ne'er can Satisfaction get.
 But *Vengeance* He, tho' in his Pow'r, declin'd,
 And, by *new* Favours, charm'd the hostile Mind.
Evil he mildly thus o'ercame with *Good*,
 And *Malice* by o'erpow'ring *Love* subdu'd. 790
 So DAVID, when pursu'd by SAUL, forbore
 To take Revenge; and was pursu'd no more.

SOME *pass* by Mens Offences, as, alone,
 They thus for Myriads of their Sins atone:
 But tho' their Trespasses *he* glad forgave, 795
 From *Heav'n* that Balance he could *scarce* receive:
 So *pure* his *Life*, his *Virtue* so *refin'd*,
 To GOD so *duteous*, to his *Foes* so *kind*,
 So *oft* he pardon'd *them*; and yet, to *Heav'n*,
 So *few* the Faults, he *mourn'd* for, tho' *forgiv'n*! 800

Too great for mean Resentments, or too wise,
 The Proud oft *pardon* those whom they *despise*.
 None, but *himself*, he slighted in his *Thoughts*;
 So judg'd Men only angry with his *Faults*.
 Mildly he therefore pass'd their Fury by, 805
 As a *mistaken, virtuous* Enmity.
 Scarce could *Ingratitude* offend so fast,
 As *Acts* of *Grace*, by his *Indulgence*, past.
Men grave their *Wrongs* in *Marble*; he, more just,
 Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them in the *Dust*!
 Trod under Foot, the Sport of ev'ry Wind, 811
 Swept from the Earth, and blotted from his Mind:
 There silent in their Grave he let them lie,
 And *griev'd* they could not 'scape th' ALMIGHTY's Eye!





CALLIOPE.



O clos'd the Song — CALLIOPE renews
 The Strain; of *Heroes* and of *Gods* the
 [Muse.
 O'er her white *Chest* the broider'd Tunics
 [fold,
 Spangled with *Gems*, and purfled rich with *Gold*.
 But, in Contempt of *Dress*, her *Air* divine
 Triumph'd o'er *Arts*, by which *vain* Beauties shine!
 Circling her *Head*, the sacred *Laurels* wave, 821
 'That crown the *Poet*, and reward the *Brave* :
 That, planted round the *Grave*, no *Thunder* fear,
 And o'er the Dead their *living* Honours rear !
Maro and *Milton's* Song her *Hands* display, 825
 But in her *Breast* unrivall'd *Homer* lay .

For

For BOULTER's Fall, the beauteous Nymph appears
Another *Niobe*, dissolv'd in Tears.

So shews *Thaumantia*'s Bow amid the Show'rs,
And shines resplendent with the *Rain* it pours; 830
So, like the water'd *Flow'rs* HIBERNIA, rear'd
Her Head, with more than *mortal* Numbers chear'd.

THUS lovely tho' he shone, his *Tongue*, or *Pen*,
Ne'r fell severely on the *Lives* of Men.

Tho' *impious* Times he loath'd, when *Vices* rage, 835
His *Life* was all his Satire on the *Age*.

He made not *War* upon the World; nor rail'd

At *others*, where their *shaken* Virtue *fail'd*.

He lov'd not to *revile*; he *lash'd* at None;

And view'd with *rig'rous* Eye *himself* alone. 840

HE thought that *Virtue* look'd not *half* so fair,
 When, arm'd with *Wrath*, she wears an *awful* Air;
 As when, in *Kindness* rob'd, her *Graces* shine,
 And *charm* the human Heart with *Love* divine.
 To All, *Reproach* and *Menace* he forbore; 845
 As *Men*, he lov'd them Much; as *Christians*, More.
 He try'd, by *Gentleness*, the Soul to win;
 And *spar'd* the *Sinner*, tho' he *loath'd* the *Sin*.
Invectives may *incense*, but not *reform*;
 And *Truth* and *Reason* are averse to *Storm*. 850
Religion's Voice is *tender*, *sweet*, and *mild*;
Strong as a *God*, she's *gentle* as a *Child*.
 In *smooth Persuasion* on the Soul she steals,
 And in *soft Whispers* heav'nly Love reveals. 854
 When *Israels* Crimes made *GOD* on Earth descend;
Storms, *Fire*, and *Earthquakes*, did Mount *Horeb*
 [rend:
 Nor

Nor in the *Earthquake, Fire, or Storm* inshrind,
 Came the bright Radiance of th' Eternal MIND :
 But, when the Tempest ceas'd the Rocks to tear,
 A *still, calm* Voice was heard, and GOD was *there*. 860

BUT, where his *Office* forc'd him to reprove,
 The PRELATE'S *Warmth* inflam'd the FATHER'S *Love*.
Severe, yet kind, he mark'd each devious Sin ;
Soft were his *Words*, tho' *strict* his *Discipline* :
 And where he aim'd to *pierce* the guilty Heart, 865
 His *Merit*, as a *Feather*, wing'd the *Dart*.
Reproof its *Force* to fair *Example* owes ;
 The Priest's *Authority* from *Virtue* flows !
 CHRIST bid the *guiltless* Person cast the Stone ;
 And, if *Men* could be such, 'twas *he* alone! 870

YET,

YET, *most*, the conqu'ring Eloquence he chose,
 That from a Life of *true* Religion flows :
 Those *silent* Beauties more prevail'd on Men,
 Than all that *Art* could speak, or *Wisdom* pen.
 For *Piety* wears such a *winning* Mien, 875
 To be *ador'd*, she needs but to be *seen*!
 Unless *Austerity*. or *Pride*, disgrace
 The *native* Beauties of the *Seraph's* Face!

IN *cloudy* Seasons tho' he liv'd, whose *Light*
 Was sunk in *Vice*, and *Error's* horrid *Night*; 880
 When scarce a *Star* could dart its piercing Ray,
 And thro' th' *Aegyptian* Darkness point the Way;
 Yet *his* high *Virtue* like a *Pharos* blaz'd,
 On some fair Promontory's Summit rais'd, 884
 That, brighten'd by the Wind, its Guidance gave,
 To teach the *Vessel* where to climb the *Wave*.

HIS *Love*, his *Care*, his *Zeal*, his healing *Art*,
 His *Deeds*, the *truest* Language of the *Heart*,
 Were the *best* Comment on the Sacred Page;
 A *long* and *living* Sermon to the Age. 890

Yet, less'ning all he did, he seem'd to fear
 Men might dislike his Rules, as too *severe*:
 And, sinking *Virtue* to *their* Level, shew'd
 'Twas *easy*, as *delightful*, to be GOOD! 894

GRAC'D with *such* Charms, Men saw his *Glory* rise,
 Wing'd with the *Nation's* Voice, and fill the Skies:
 High o'er the Earth it shot its ardent Rays,
 And with *perpetual* Honour grac'd his Days.
Some it *enlighten'd*, and *attracted* All
 That could within its spacious *Vortex* fall: 900
Such its Extent, it sought no *greater* Space,
 But, quite un-alter'd, kept its lofty Place.

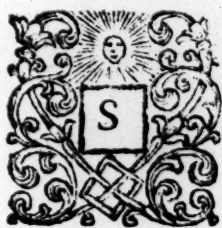
For

For as the *Caspian* Sea disdains to know, 903
 Round the large Shores it washes, *Ebb* or *Flow* ;
 While its calm *Deeps*, confin'd to their own Strand,
 Ne'er quit the *Beach*, nor once o'erwhelm the Land ;
 Thus rose his *Character*, with Strength intire,
 So *high* at *first*, it could no more aspire.
 Content his destin'd Place to fill so well,
 He thought it *mean* to *sink*, and *vain* to *swell*. 910





U R A N I A.



ILENT she mus'd --- With Palms URANIA
 [crown'd
 Attun'd the Shell; Groves, Rocks, and
 [Hills resound.
 A silver Crescent grac'd her lovely *Head*,

And round her *Face* refulgent Glories spread :

Her curling *Hair* the Ivory *Neck* defends ; 915

Her *Breath* *Arabia's* spicy Gales transcends :

An azure Veil o'er her rich Vesture flung,

With careless Art upon her *Shoulders* hung :

Her *Hand* sustains the many-circled Sphere,

On which the Zodiac's splendid Signs appear. 920

While on *our* Globe she treads with just Disdain,

Bright *Fancy* soars, and *Judgment* holds the Rein.

G

With

With modest Grace aloft her Eyes she throws ;
 Fill'd with exalted Thoughts her Bosom glows :
 Tho' griev'd the Nymph, her Strains *harmonious* rise,
 And the *great* Song ascends the list'ning Skies. 926

THO' form'd to *please*, each *Beauty* fond to hide,
 As Men their *Sins*, he liv'd unstain'd with *Pride*.
 On *Earth* inclin'd *Applauses* to despise,
 As much as *now*, — translated to the *Skies* ! 930
Vain Wretches, if the Rabble's *Shouts* they share,
 Grow *larger*, as *Cameleons* live on *Air* !
 But BOULTER, with each *Virtue* circled round,
Fawning would Shock, and *Compliments* Confound.
 Nay, he so loath'd a flatt'ring *Parasite*, 935
Malice has *prais'd* him to his Face, in spite !
Praise, or *Dispraise*, Great Minds *alike* regard :
 GOD ! *only* GOD ! is *Virtue's* True Reward !

As when meek *Moses*, from the Holy Hill
 Descending, brought the Great CREATOR's Will, 940
 Irradiating *Effulgence* round his Face,
 His Soul *unconscious*, beam'd celestial Grace :
 So BOULTER, to *his own* Perfections blind,
 Perceiv'd no *Beauty* in his *Life* or *Mind* !
Whate'er he did, altho' a *Thousand* Ways 945
All Hearts he won, he never sought for *Praise* :
 But acted with such *humble Awe* of *Heav'n*,
 As doubting his *best* Works were *scarce* forgiv'n !
 And yet (so *Mercy* judg'd) *Heav'n* seldom found
 A *single* Deed on which its *Justice* frown'd. 950
 His *Frailties* might have claim'd fair *Virtue's* Name,
 And, in *another*, might have serv'd for *Fame* :
 Nay, in the Eye of *Mau*, (if not of God)
 His *Faults* had less to *pardon* than *applaud* !

WITH *such* Humiliry was BOULTER blest'd, 955
Spite hop'd it was but *Pride*, with *Art* suppress'd.
 But *Heav'n* his *Modesty* and *Virtues* mix'd,
 As *Light* and *Flame*, when in the Ruby fix'd;
 That, while the *Sun* darts there its fervent Rays,
 Shoots out those Splendours which the Eyes amaze;
 Yet cool and temperate reflects the Beams, 961
 And shines, unmov'd with its own glorious Flames.
 Oh! that the *World* could once so humbled be,
 With all its *Crimes*, as, with his *Virtues*, HE!
This might atone for *Guilt*; and GOD would then
 Rejoice to pardon *All* the *Sins* of *Men*! 966
 To *lowly* Souls elastic Force is giv'n;
Dash'd to the *Earth*, they *bound* the more to *Heav'n*.

'TIS true, some *small* Infirmities he knew;
 Some *few* starv'd *Tares* 'midst his rich Harvests grew:

Anger,

Anger, or Spleen, might slightly stir his Mind, 971

(For *calmest* Regions *sometimes* feel the *Wind*);

But yet their lambent Fires *innocuous* shone;

And, tho' they seem'd to *threaten, injur'd* none.

So, in the *Bush* when Heav'n's bright FLAME appear'd,

Amid the Burning every Leaf was spar'd. 976

And BOULTER'S Chafe of Temper only show'd,

His Soul with warm *Philanthropy* o'erflow'd :

For still (so *righteous* was the rising Flame)

It blaz'd not to *destroy*, but to *reclaim*. 980

Tyrants to *awe*, and Men *oppress'd* to *free*,

And *ease* the *Wrongs* of injur'd *Piety*.

NOR would his Sallies last ; — a peaceful *Calm*

Succeeded *soon* ; and *Reason* brought her Balm :

Then All was so *serene*, so *sweetly mild*, 985

At the short *Transport* Men with Pleasure *smil'd* ;

Or thought it but a requisite *Allay*,
 To *sink* his *Worth*, and shew that he could *stray* ;
 Plac'd like the Slave behind the Conq'ror's Car,
 To tell him, he was *Man*, and cry, " Beware !" 990

AND *scarce* this *trivial* Frailty could you find,
 'Twas mix'd amid such *Virtues* in his Mind ;
 Veil'd in a Cloud of *Glory*, it appear'd
Enlighten'd ; and was rather *lov'd* than *fear'd* :
 It neither rose to *Rage*, nor sprang from *Pride* ; 995
 And led to *Heav'n*, tho' twas an *hasty* Guide.
 As like *Bethsaida's* Pool, he scarce was mov'd,
 But for *their* Aid, whom *Heav'n* and *he* approv'd.
 If e'er his *Wrath* transcended *Reason's* Laws,
 'Twas but *too* fierce a *Warmth* for *Virtue's* Cause : 1000
 Or if *slight* Passions on *less* Grounds broke loose,
Reflection turn'd them to the *noblest* Use ;

To *calm* his *Soul*, and *cool* his fervid *Zeal*,
 And make the *Saint* above the *Man* prevail ;
 With watchful Care to shun the *lightest* Sin, 1005
 And rein more *strictly* those rash Tempters in.

THUS, e'er the *Fall*, in *Eden's* holy Shade
 The *Lion* bounded, and the *Leopard* stray'd ;
 But *meek* and *harmless*, as they own'd the Sway
 Of their *high* Monarch, they forbore to *prey* : 1010
Submits, by *his* superior *Reason* charm'd,
 Their *Rage* was Govern'd, and their *Force* Disarm'd.





MELPOMENE.



HE said—MELPOMENE, the Tragic Muse,
 Whose *Sighs* soft *Sorrows* thro' the Heart
 [diffuse;
 Arose: She *weeps*, as tho' her *Verse* she
 [fears
 Would prove a *meaner* Tribute than her *Tears*. 1016
 But soon the watry Drops that drown her Eyes,
 Majestic in her *Grief*, the Virgin dries.
 So when the dewy *Mist* dissolves away,
 The *Sun*, in Glory dress'd, restores the Day. 1020
 The Symbol of her mournful Strains, the *Lute*,
 She bears, whose Notes, melodious, *Sorrow* suit.
Scepters and *Crowns* lay trampled on the Ground,
 'Midst *Poignards* reeking from the fatal Wound :
 Spears,

Spears, Clarions, Javelins, and the batter'd Shield,
 Arms heap'd on Arms deform'd the horrid Field. 1026
 A Cypress Stole her buskin'd Feet conceal'd,
 Tho' in each Charm the *Goddeſs* ſhone reveal'd.
 HIBERNIA near the Fountain lay reclin'd;
 Her *ruin'd State*, and BOULTER, fill'd her Mind. 1030
 Laſt in the Concert, thus the Muſe begun,
 And ſeem'd to ſtop the ſlow-deſcending Sun :

THUS *great* and *good* he liv'd, rever'd by All;
Great while he ſtood, nor *leſſen'd* in his *Fall*,
 With all the *Glories* of the World *uncharm'd*; 1035
 'Midſt the *State's* Troubles *calm*, and *unalarm'd*.
 Souls form'd like *his*, ſtill Maſters of their Fate,
 In *inward Peace* find *Happineſs* complete.
 'Midſt the World's *Tempeſts*, with a brave *Diſdain*,
 Like *Peter* walking on the ſtormy Main, 1040

Stedfaſt

Stedfast he strove with *Joy* to meet his GOD;
 And o'er the *raging Surges* faithful trod.
 Hence was he *lov'd* — *so* lov'd, that, to his End,
 He never made a *Foe*, or lost a *Friend*.
Merit his Safeguard, from all Outrage freed, 1045
 He pass'd, while Factions in his *Praise* agreed,
 If thro' his Years ONE *guilty Hour* you'll name,
 No more my *honest* Song shall sound his Fame!
 Point out ONE *Crime*, mark ONE *delib'rate Wrong*,
 And I will *blush*, and own, he liv'd *too long*! 1050

MEN seldom Censure *well*, or Praise *aright*;
 Their Praise is *Flattery*, their Censure *Spite*.
 Frequent the *truly* Great they *idly* blame,
 Whose *just*, *un-alter'd* Conduct merits *Fame*; 1054
 While *Honour's* Paths their Souls, un-varying, tread,
 By *Virtue* urg'd, by *Resolution* led.

Thus

Thus hid to *Men*, 'midst what *they* call the *Day*,
 Unchang'd, the *Planets* ride th' ethereal Way;
 With *equal* Beauty, and *un-bated* Force,
 Roll on the glorious Orbits of their Course: 1060
 And tho' *Men* think they cease to light the Skies,
 With the *same* Flames they ever *set* and *rise*.
 Yet BOULTER'S Deeds, when search'd by *Envy's* Eye,
 Too *glorious* prov'd for *Censure* to *decry*; 1064
 Their Splendour gleam'd with such *un-clouded* Light,
 The Monster, blind with *Radiance*, lost her Sight.
 Or, if a *Spot* she saw, too *bright* it shone;
Spots are but fainter *Glories* in the *Sun*!

No, lovely Shade! With *Envy Malice* join'd,
 And *wish'd* the Blemish they despair'd to *find*! 1070
 In *vain* th' invenom'd Serpents gnaw'd the File,
 And on the solid *Temper* spu'd their *Bile*.

Oh

Oh Force of *Worth*! — let *This* thy Name adorn,

“ The Sons of *Glory* are to *Envy* born !”

You Envy 'scap'd ; for *Glory* you despis'd ; 1090

Th' Applause of *Angels* was the Fame *you* priz'd !

OH BOULTER ! he, who Here *un-censur'd* lives,

A Proof of Heav'n-protected *Virtue* gives !

Who, else, the *Dog-star Venom* of these Days

Can pass, unhurt by the devouring Blaze ? 1080

Yet GOD This Blessing kept in Store for *Thee*,

And thro' the Flames of *Faction* brought thee free.

Not the Three *Jews*, when in the *Furnace* cast,

Less *blemish'd* thro' the vaulted Burning pass'd,

Than *Thou* the raging Fury of These Times, 1085

As safe from all their *Malice* as their *Crimes*.

YET,

YET, grant no Care of *Heav'n* in This was seen,
 How *lovely* must your blameless Life have been,
 That could, 'midst Evil *Tongues*, and Evil *Days*,
 Funds of *Applause* from Lands of *Slander* raise? 1090
 Your *Fame*, un-injur'd thus by venom'd Foes,
 Thine *Innocence* 'midst vicious Mortals shows :
 Since Nothing, but a Soul adorn'd like *Thine*,
 Could force this Age to own thy Life *divine*. 1094
 Thus, when, innocuous, from the Hand of *Paul*
 The Heathens saw the deadly *Viper* fall,
 The sacred Proof e'en *Infidels* applaud,
Confess th' *Apostle*, and *revere* his GOD! 1098

THAT MERCY which attends to *Nations'* Pray'rs,
 And, *griev'd* to *punish*, still, *delighted*, *s pares* ; 1100
 That MERCY, which Insulted, *Wrath* delays,
 Crown'd its lov'd *Saint* with a long Train of Days.

Deny'd

Deny'd to *Bliss*, GOD kept him *here* ; and try'd
 To mend a *faithless* World before he dy'd.
 But try'd in *vain* — As Inundations round 1109
 Float the waste Plain, and flight th' opposing Mound,
 The dire Infection spread with horrid Spoil,
Smil'd at his *Ardour*, and *despis'd* his *Toil*.
 Nor, thence discourag'd, ceas'd his *Care* or *Skill* ;
 His *Zeal* grew *warmer* with the growing Ill. 1110
 From *Heav'n* with Strength supply'd, and undecay'd,
 Ardent he *wrote*, *preach'd*, *fasted*, *watch'd*, and *pray'd*.
 With *rising* Vigour he sustain'd his Post,
 And as his Day *declin'd* he labour'd *most*. 1114
 As the bright * Lamp, which, midst sepulchral Urns,
Un-wasted flames, altho' in *vain* it burns ;

* *Tho' it be disputed by Antiquaries, if the Ancients had such Things as perpetual Lamps, yet all are agreed, that they had a kind of Lamps which they plac'd in their Friends Sepulchres, which burn'd for a vast Time.*

To *Darkness* raises its illustrious Head,
 Glares to the *Tomb*, and blazes to the *Dead*.
 He shone, endeav'ring to impart his Light 1119
 To Men, whose Eyes were *clos'd*, and lov'd the *Night*:
 Whom, *dead* to GOD, blind *Infidels* inflave,
 Nor *Judgments* can Reform, nor *Mercy* Save!

Too *short* a while HIBERNIA saw thy Charms!
 Too *sudden* hurry'd from her longing Arms! 1124
 Too *quickly* Lost! and, Oh! too *late*ly Known!
 You stay'd not for the *Crop* your *Toils* had sown.
 You *planted*, but you *gather'd* not the *Fruit*;
 You *help'd*, but, dying, left her *destitute*.
 When the *full* Joy of having you she knew,
 You gave the *Blessing*, and to *Bliss* withdrew. 1130

SOON

SOON call'd away, nor lent HIBERNIA *long*,
 Loaded with *Days* *, to *her* you dy'd but *young*.
 Men *truly* Great, no Bounds to Life should know,
 But, like fair *Eden's* Trees, *fresh-blooming* grow.
 Tho' had you tarry'd to the *Thousandth* Year, 1135
 Too *quick* your mourn'd Departure would appear.

So, e'er the *Deluge* scourg'd the *Sins* of Man,
 And funk Duration to its stinted *Span*,
 Some *Patriarch*, at his *latest* Stage arriv'd,
 Who had Nine hundred annual Suns surviv'd, 1140
 In Tears beheld his mourning Lineage drown'd;
 A Croud of filial Nations weeping round;
 Who seem'd, so *lov'd* their Parent, to deplore
 He liv'd not to survive *Ten* Ages more. 1144

* He was about 76 when he died, Sept. 27. 1742.

OH! 'midst furrounding Ruins, ravish'd hence,
 Where Men live all at War with *Providence*!
 Where *you*, and *Virtue*, hurry'd off the Stage,
 No more could struggle with an *impious* Age. 1148
 While *Vice*, while *Infidels*, while *Crimes*, o'erwhelm
 The Times, and sink beneath their Tides the *Realm*,
 Your Nerves, with more than *mortal* Vigour strong,
 Stemm'd the fierce Raging of the Torrent *long*!
 But, overpow'r'd by the *resistless* Stream,
 Heav'n took you from the Flood you could not *tame*.

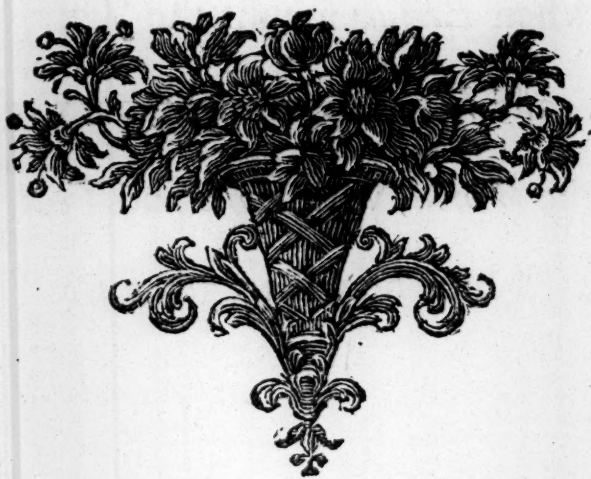
THUS when *Elijah* fought the *Jews* to gain, 1155
 By *Deaths* and *Wonders* wrought, but wrought in *vain*.

* Sick of the *World*, with *Toils* and *Teaching* spent,
 God snatch'd him hence, to grace the *Firmament*.

* Kings I. chap. 19, ver, 4.

SHE paus'd — with *Sighs* the mournful Song she
 [clos'd, 1159
 And, graceful, by the Fountain's Verge repos'd ;
 While the green Groves, that, waving, heard her sing,
 With the faint Echoes of the Numbers ring.

INSTANT bright CLIO smil'd ; and to her Breast,
 With Transport, the illustrious Mourner prest.
 From her soft Voice persuasive Magic flows, 1165
 Her *Sighs* are sweeter than the breathing *Rose*.
 She shakes the beamy Radiance round her Head,
 And utters *Words* that us'd to raise the *Dead*.





C L I O.



RISE from the Ground! Arise, Oh Maid
 [divine!
 To calm the Tumults of the Soul, is *mine!*
 The *Muses* all their shining Labours end,

And, *now*, the Triumphs of *thy* Voice attend.

Cease, cease, thy wretched People to deplore,

Nor sink beneath low-thoughted *Sorrows* more! 1174

Disdain those Tears! — begin the *lofty* Strain;

HIBERNIA never bore the * *Harp* in *vain*!

To *mighty* Deeds attune the speaking Strings,

Let *sacred* Numbers wait on *holy* Things.

* *The Arms of Ireland.*

Some fav'rite *Virtue* of thy Hero chuse,
Nor this * *last* Labour of thy *Love* refuse. 1180

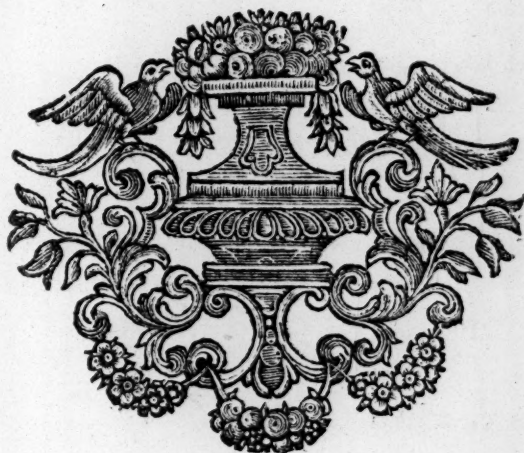


SHE heard — and *felt*, impetuous in her Breast,
The *Goddeſs*; and the Flame *divine* confeſt.
Sudden her Lyre ſhe ſnatches from the Ground,
Soft *Harmony* the breathing Chords reſound. 1184
Trembling, her mourning *Veil* ſhe throws aſide;
Her Eyes are fix'd on *Heav'n*, her Tears are dry'd.
Exalted *Transports* elevate her Mind,
She gives her *Sorrows* to the † ſportive *Wind*.

* Extremum hunc, Arethufa, mihi concede laborem.
Virg. Ecl. 10.

† Muſis amicus triſtitiā & metus,
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis — Hor. Carm. lib. 1. Ode 26.

Her *Voice*, her *Mien*, her *Thoughts*, are all on Fire,
 Smit with the *Love* which *virtuous Deeds* inspire.
 Enraptur'd with the *mighty* Theme, she brings
 Fresh-gather'd Garlands from the *Muses* Springs.
New Thoughts, *new* Images, around she pours,
 She strews her Hero's Grave with od'rous Flow'rs.
 Then the vast Compass of her Voice she tries, 1195
 And, like the Cygnet, *sings* before she *dies* !





H I B E R N I A.



O H Muse! whose Charms alleviate *ev'ry Woe*,
 And make our Tears *delight* us, while they
 Whose *heav'nly* Joys extinguish *mean* De-
 As *solar Rays* put out our *earthly Fires*.
 1200

First, in fair *Virtue's* Tribe, like goodly *Saul*,
 Amid *God's* People eminently *tall*,
 His *Charity* I chuse, above the rest,
Blessing my *Kingdom*, by my *Kingdom blest*. 1204
 Scarce *Heav'n* more freely *Wealth* to *BOULTER* sent,
 Than he *that* *Wealth* to my *Distresses* lent.
Un-wanted, and *un-ask'd*, *God* gave him *All*,
 Which, *ask'd* and *wanted*, waited on our *Call*.

Not

Not freer runs the *River* to the *Sea*,
 Or to the *Earth* the *Sun* imparts the *Day* ! 1210
 Not freer melts the *Dew* to cool the *Ground*,
 Spreading the Blessings of the Skies around.
 Not freer drop the *Show'rs*, which Life bestow
 To the cheer'd Plants, that by Their Bounty grow :
 Scarce freer did th' enliv'ning *Manna* fall, 1215
 When *Nations* cry'd, and M E R C Y heard their Call !

HE thought the *Great*, GOD's *Treasurers* below ;
 That, tho' the Rich may *pay*, they can't *bestow* !
 Zealous to *give*, he pour'd the *golden Stream* ;
 And *gave*, till *Want* grew *rich*, and lost its *Name* !
 Yet, when he heard *Distress*, and *Sorrow*, call, 1221
 He judg'd his largest Benefactions *small*.
 More than was *ask'd* he gave ; and deem'd it *mean*,
 Only to help the Poor — to *beg* again.

He quite *surpass'd* their timid Hopes ; and yet, 1225

Fear'd he scarce paid the *Int'rest* of his *Debt*.

He loath'd *imperfect* Mercies ; for he thought

Pity *malicious*, when *slight* Aids it brought.

And God, who saw His *Steward's* bounteous Mind,

A *Fortune*, great as his *large Soul* assign'd. 1230

THUS aided, 'twas *less* Wonder that he did

More Good, than in *STEARNE's gen'rous Will lay hid.

Than e'en from † SMITH's, or †† GILBERT's Bounty
[flow'd ;

Than || MAUL accomplish'd, or than ** MARSH bestow'd.

Than

* This excellent Prelate, Dr. *John Stearne*, died very lately, *June 6. 1745.* and has left about 30,000 *l.* to public Uses ; after a Life of universal Hospitality and Charity, and great Sums spent in several public Buildings, and a noble Library, and numberless Acts of Benevolence.

† *Erasmus Smith*, Esq; who left about 1,500 *l.* per *Ann.* to the Founding and largely Endowing several Schools, Three Fellowships, Two Professorships, Twenty Scholarships, and Fifteen Exhibitions, to the College of *Dublin*; and the Teaching, Maintaining, and Apprenticing, Twenty poor Boys, and several other charitable Purposes in *Ireland*.

†† The Reverend Doctor *Claudius Gilbert*, who lately left

Than my propitious * * STEVENS gave, to cure 1235

The various Ailments that afflict my Poor.

More than *Ingratitude* forgets ; nay, *more*

Than serves to silence *Factions* when they roar.

left a choice Collection of about 14,000 Volumes of the dearest and scarcest Books to the College Library in *Dublin* ; besides a great many Thousand Pounds to different Charities, most of them being Perpetuities.

|| The present Bishop of *Meath* ; of whose many Benefactions (as he is still living) we shall only mention here, That, by his Sollicitations, His Majesty's Charter and Bounty of 1000 *l. per Ann.* as well as a large Subscription from several Noblemen, Bishops, private Gentlemen, and Clergymen, for Charity Working-Schools in *Ireland* were obtained.

* * Doctor *Narcissus Marsh*, a late Primate in *Ireland*. This most excellent and learned Gentleman gave a large Estate to build, furnish, and endow, a very noble Library in *Dublin*, and several very fine Alms-houses ; besides many extraordinary Benefactions, which it would be too tedious to trouble the Reader with here.

* * Dr. *Richard Stevens*, a most excellent Man, as well as a most eminent Physician ; who, with the Spirit of a Prince, rather than a private Person, founded a very large and well-regulated Hospital for the sick Poor near *Dublin*, and endow'd it with about 1000 *l. per Ann.*

N. B. That Estate was left to his Sister for her Life ; but, for near these 30 Years, she gives it all to the Hospital, where she always lives ; and watches over and attends the poor Patients with inimitable Goodness.

More

More than by sick-bed Sinners is design'd ;

Yet All beneath the Bounty of his *Mind* !

1240

GIFTS sometimes seem the Wretched to *upbraid*,
When *Ostentation* damps the gen'rous Aid.

So o'er his *Bounty* oft he drew a *Screen*,

And chose to give *unseeing*, and *unseen*.

Frequent, by *Night*, commission'd Mercies came,

And Men were *freed*, like *Peter*, while they *dream*.

Oft nor the *Gift*, nor *Suff'rer*, would he know, 1247

But lov'd his Alms by *Proxy* to bestow.

By *Others* Hands to dry the *Widow's* Eyes ;

By *Others* Tongues to still the *Orphan's* Cries ; 1250

By *Others* Arts to give the *Sick* Relief ;

By *Others* Smiles to banish pining *Grief* ;

In *diff'rent* Forms the secret Aid to send,

And where to *give* would *shock*, appear to *lend*.

The

The near *Relation*, or the *Friend*, employ, 1255
To *veil* the *Donor*, and *enhance* the *Joy*.

FROM *growling* Souls the *tortur'd* Alms are wrung,
When *Conscience* echoes to the yelling *Tongue* !
But BOULTER seem'd to *beg* from the *Distress'd*;
Nor thought, while *they* were *wretched*, he was *blest'd*,
He sought *Admission* for his Gifts; and *su'd* 1261
To *poor* but *modest* Men, to do them *good*.
Frequent, *unask'd*, lost *Merit* he *preserv'd*,
And *help'd* the *Learned*, that, in private, *starv'd*.
Oft begg'd of *sullen* *Misery* to show, 1265
Why it sunk down beneath the *nameless* *Woe*.
Each *hidden* *Haunt* of *Trouble* fought to find,
Where lurking *Sorrow* mourn'd, or *Anguish* pin'd.
To save the *Shame* of the *industrious* *Poor*,
Unknown, he enter'd oft the *Cottage-Door* : 1270

Heard

Heard all the moving Tale of *Want* and *Woe*,
 And taught his Eyes with *lowly* Griefs to flow.
 And, when the long-conceal'd Distress was told,
 Bade them be *secret*, and divide his Gold.

CROUDS he thus help'd; yet search'd out *more*, for
 Some lost, God might reproach his Want of *Care*. 1276

He seem'd to think (so *ardently* he gave)

It was a sort of *Sacrilege* to *save*.

He form'd kind Plots of *Charity* so fast,

As doubting *ev'ry* Gift would be his *last*: 1280

Or *Heav'n* might call him home *unwarn'd*, and find

Some of its Talents *unbestow'd* behind.

And yet he squander'd *nothing*, as he knew,

Tho' *large* his Treasure, he had *much* to do:

And, provident, would husband well his Store, 1285

Giving the *less*, that he might give to *more*.

He saw, that *Over-bearing* Kills the Tree,
 So *prun'd* and *check'd* his wide-spread *Charity* :
 Fearful, if *once* they lost his aiding Hand,
Ruin and *Want* would overwhelm my Land. 1290

So, when, at *Rephidim*, the *Israelite*
 With *Amalek* engag'd in doubtful Fight,
 As the great *Prophet's* Hands were *rais'd*, or *fell*,
 The *Jews* were *sore oppress'd*, or *prosper'd* well:
 On *them*, suspended, hung the People's *Fate*, 1295
 The *Weal*, or *Ruin*, of the tott'ring State.

LOVE consecrates the Alms that Men bestow,
 And makes each *Mole-hill* like a *Mountain* show.
 Yet *many* give to Others, tho' the *Soul*
 Is quite *untouch'd*, nor mingles with the *Dole*. 1300
 Not *so* gave BOULTER; for his Heart, humane,
Doubled each Alms, by sharing ev'ry *Pain*.

Bleeding

Bleeding for Sorrows, which *his* Hand remov'd,
 The Wretched found they were both *help'd* and *lov'd*.
 While, social, he partook of each *Distress*, 1309
 And grew *more happy*, as he made it *less*.

NOR liv'd his *Charity* immur'd at *home*,
 But oft in *distant Regions* lov'd to roam :
 Searching the Globe, this *Factor* for his GOD
 Spy'd out the Wants of *foreign Realms* abroad. 1310
 And as for *Gain* the anxious *Trader* plies,
 Thro' various *Oceans*, and remoter *Skies* ;
 'Midst *burning Climates* spreads his swelling Sails,
 And courts, to reach a distant *World*, the Gales ;
 So BOULTER aim'd, with *ceaseless* Toils, to find 1315
New Realms, to *trade* for *Heav'n*, and Blest *Man-*
 [kind.

To

To * *Indian* Coasts his *Cares*, his *Bounties*, spread,
 And *taught* the *Savage*, whom he *cloath'd* and *fed*,
 No more *Barbarians*, but a *gentle* Race,
 They *blest* their BOULTER for the Aids of *Grace*!
 While *Light* and *Letters* thro' their Forests shine,
 And Worlds, *reform'd*, proclaim his Gifts *divine*! 1322

PARENT of *Sin*! infernal Thirst of *Gold*!
 For *you* (accurs'd!) how *cheaply* HEAV'N is sold!
 For *you*, Above, Below, what *Joys* are lost; 1325
 And Half th' *eternal* Scheme of *Mercy* crost?
 What social Calls of *Nature* are deny'd?
 For *you*, *Humanity* is laid aside!
 Their *Hearts* they *harden*, and their *Souls* they *steel*,
Forbear to *pity*, and *forget* to *feel*! 1330

* *His Contributions to that excellently contriv'd, and as well
 manag'd Scheme, for Propagating the Gospel in foreign Parts.*

For *you*, the *native* Throbbings of the Breast

For *others* Woes, are *banish'd*, or *supprest* !

Their *noblest* Passions Men, *deprav'd*, *subdue* ;

And all for *Gold* ! accursed *Gold* ! for *YOU* !

YET what is *Wealth*, Oh *Virtue* ! weigh'd with
To Calming *Grief*, or Soothing *Misery* ? [Thee !
1336

Oh ! what is *Wealth*, to Shielding the *Oppress'd*,

And making Crouds of suff'ring *Wretches* Blest ?

To Rising up in injur'd *Worth's* Defence,

And Banishing the Sighs of *Innocence* ? 1340

To Drying up the Tears that *Mourners* shed,

To Smoothing the *diseas'd* and *restless* Bed ?

To Bidding wasteful *Dearts* no more destroy ?

To Making *Widows* Hearts to sing for Joy ?

To Easing *Burdens*, which my People load ? 1345

To Helping *Thousands*, and to Pleasing GOD ?

Pierc'd thro' with *Grief*, she stopp'd — The dying
 Was in the bursting Stream of Sorrow drown'd. [Sound]

Rack'd with the Thought, upon the Grass she falls,
 On *Heav'n*, on *Earth*, on God, and *Man*, she calls.
 She faints — the living Light forsakes her Eyes: 1351
 Griev'd, and amaz'd, the friendly *Muses* rise:
These lift the dying Fair-one from the Ground;
Some chafe her Temples; *some* stand weeping round:
These with their Garments fan the Air; and *these*
 Open her Breast, and bend her to the Breeze: 1356
Some from the neighb'ring Fountain Water bring,
 And sprinkle on her Face the gelid Spring:
 When, spent and languid, from her Swoon she wakes,
 And CLIO, thus, the mournful Maid bespeaks. 1360





C L I O.



H! Nurs'd in *Cares!* and Born to *Sorrows!*

[*smile!*

Glad Tidings!--STANHOPE soon shall rule

[*thine Isle:*

E'en *now* the News flew grateful thro' the

[*Skies;*

E'en *now* they bid a CHESTERFIELD arise!

Instant arriv'd This *Tablet* from the *Sun,*

1365

" Thy *Woes* are Ended, and thy *Joys* Begun!"

With *Transport*, then, the Theme you chose, pursue;

For *he* was born, to serve the *World* and *You!*

He *comes!* the *Muses* mighty *Lord*, and *Friend!*

He *comes!* *thy* Sorrows, and *our own*, to end! 1370

Raise! raise! at his auspicious *Name*, your Head!

Nor mourn, *uncomforted*, for BOULTER dead.

While

While This great *Patron* of Mankind repairs
That Loss, and *lightens*, by his *Love*, your *Cares*.
 Not with more *Zeal* the *Angel* flies, to save 1375
Kingdoms from *Plagues*, and *Nations* from the *Grave*,
 Than *he*, commission'd from his *King*, shall *haste*,
 To stop the *Woes* which lay thine *Island* waste.
 Where-e'er he comes, as *Phæbus* runs his *Race*,
 The *Seasons* change, and *Summer* giids the *Place*.
Trouble, and *Grief*, avoid his *cheering* *Eye*; 1381
 Or hear his *Voice*, like *David's* *Lyre*, and *fly*.
 As, at thy *Saint's* *Command*, indulg'd by *Heav'n*,
 All *Serpents* from thy suff'ring *Isle* were driv'n;
 So will his *Government* the *Æra* be 1385
 Of *Ills* remov'd, and *Health* restor'd to *thee*!

HIBERNIA heard — *Joy*, dancing in her Veins,
 Leap'd up, and dy'd her Face with crimson Stains.
 Fix'd in her *Eyes* the Soul's quick *Lightnings* gleam;
 To Heav'n the *Muses* wing their loud Acclaim. 1390
 All the strong *Passions* in her Bosom roll,
 And, like conflicting Earthquakes, shake the Soul.
 She *sighs* --- she *smiles* --- she *weeps* --- then strikes the
 [Lyre:
 And thus her Song resum'd its genial Fire: 1394





H I B E R N I A.



OLL *swift*, ye *Hours*, that bring my
 Shine *bright*, ye *Seasons*, thro' the smiling
 Subside, ye *Waves*, and *smooth* the *Crystal*
 [STANHOPE here!]
 [Year!]
 [Way!]

Blow *soft*, ye *Winds*, that waft him o'er the Sea!

Muses, prepare your *Songs*! With all your *Charms*,

Hallow the *Day* that brings him to my Arms! 1400

Oh! *welcome* hither That *exalted Mind*!

The *Friend* of *Merit*, and of *Humankind*!

And *Thou*, O STANHOPE! form'd to *please*, and *bless*;

To *pity* prompt; and *zealous* to *redress*!

Here *listen*, emulous, to BOULTER'S *Praise*; 1405

Who lov'd, like *thee*, afflicted *Worth* to raise.

Nor slight this Portrait of a *kindred* Mind,
 To rescue Nations from *Distress* design'd.
 And *You*, my *Sons*! (if you *deserve* the Name)
Vipers, that *tear* the *Womb* from whence you *came*!
You, who ne'er felt the *heav'nly* Joy, to *Give*; 1411
 Nor knew their *Bliss*, who *human Ills* relieve!
 Whose Hearts ne'er *yearn'd* to see your Country's *Woes*!
Untouch'd by *Raptures*, which the *Patriot* knows!
Unmov'd by all the *Ruins* which you *cause*; 1415
 Yet grudge not BOULTER'S *Deeds* their due *Applause*;
 But *bear* these *Lays* a little, while I dwell
 On what my Soul, enraptur'd, loves *so well*.

SUCH was his *Bounty*; tho' his *Stores* were *large*,
 They *scarcely* could support so *vast* a *Charge*; 1420
 But that by *lesser* Springs the *Stream* was fed,
 Which thro' mine *Isle* its fruitful *Current* spread.

As *Kings*, who neighb'ring Realms oppress'd *relieve*,
 By *righteous* Leagues, proportion'd *Aids* receive;
 So BOULTER, thirsting to assist us *more*, 1425
 By kind *Supplies*, repair'd his wasting Store.
 Some in this Treas'ry of the Temple threw
 The secret *Corban*, and, conceal'd, withdrew.
 On *others* his divine Persuasion gain'd 1429
 To lend their *Drops*, while BOULTER's Mercies *rain'd*.
 He drew my *high-rais'd* Peers to look with *Scorn*
 On the vain *Pomp* and *State* to which they're born;
 To *slight* the *Wealth* and *Splendour* that misguide
 The *Fools* of *Fortune*, and the *Slaves* of *Pride*:
 Unless unweary'd *Love* of *Humankind* 1435
 Shone out, and spoke a *truly* noble Mind!
 The *stately Robe* he bade the Fair decline,
 And think, *To cloathe the Naked* made her *fine*.

To *stint* his *Feasts*, he taught the *Epicure* ;
 And, with *diminish'd* *Riot*, feed the *Poor*. 1440
 Rich *Señ'ries* learn'd to *give*, who thought, till *then*,
 Some *Pray'rs* to GOD might save their *Alms* to *Men*.
Such Eloquence adorn'd his melting *Tongue*,
 Th' *extorted* *Hoard* from *Avarice* he wrung.
 He won the *Usurer* to *risque* his *Pence*, 1445
 And take a *Mortgage* upon PROVIDENCE :
 While, from his *stony* *Heart*, like *Drops* of *Blood*,
Enforc'd, he drew the Bounty he bestow'd.

THUS, in the *Wilderness*, when *Israel* cry'd
 For quenching Streams, which the parch'd Sands deny'd,
 The holy *Prophet*, by his GOD's Command, 1451
 Spoke to the *Rock*, and clove it with his Wand :
 From the pierc'd *Flint* the murm'ring *Waters* burst,
 And the faint Nation slak'd their burning *Thirst*.

SMALL were these Helps; yet as the Widow's
[Cruise
Swell'd, in proportion to its daily Use; 1456

GOD seem'd to *multiply* his holy Store,

And lent the *faster* as he gave the *more*.

The Ocean of his *Alms*, when ebbing low,

Fell but to *rise*, and only *sunk* to *flow*. 1460

For seldom was his Fund so *deeply* drain'd,

But *something* to relieve my Sons remain'd;

Tho' if, by chance, he *stinted* his Supply,

And gave but *little*, when the Stream was *dry*,

Yet GOD, delighted with his eager *Zeal*, 1465

Made his *few Fishes* seem a *plenteous Meal*.

THUS, *ever bounteous*, his Indulgence staid

Each growing *Ill*, that on my People prey'd.

He judg'd *such* Benefits to *Mortals* giv'n,

Was but a *Land-Tax* paid by *Earth* to *Heav'n*: 1470

That

That what was spent in *Charity* alone,
 Is all the *Wealth* the *Wise* can call *their own* :
 And *Alms* the *only* *Treasure* we can save ;
 The rest—an Hoard for* *Strangers* and the *Grave* !
Gold, as his *Slave*, not as his *Lord*, he priz'd ; 1475
 Yet *nobly* us'd the *Vassal* he *despis'd* ;
 To *ease* those *Evils* which he could not *cure*,
 And *soften* half the *Sorrows* Men endure.

YET, where his *Wealth* could never reach, his *Cares* .
 Swift flew, to *sooth* our *Wants*, and *calm* our *Fears*.
Despair grew *cheerful*, when it heard his *Name*, 1481
 And *slept* in *Peace*, while BOULTER blest'd the *Dream*.
 The Hope of falling *soon* beneath *his* Eye,
 Cast a faint Gleam of *Joy* on *Misery*.

* Posterity, and Funeral-Expences.

For there's a kind of *Blessing* in *Distress*, 1485

When *Suff'rings* are *sure* Roads to *Happiness*.

As, from *bad* *Climates*, banish'd *Wretches*, sent

Abroad to *better*, *blest* their *Punishment* ;

And, cheer'd by *warmer* *Suns*, and *calmer* *Skies*,

Find *Pleasures* from their former *Woes* arise : 1490

So, from the dire *Oppressions* of Mankind,

Men, forc'd, for Refuge, to his Godlike *Mind*,

Cloath'd, help'd, sustain'd, from his extended Store,

Rejoic'd, that *Ruin* had but rais'd them *more*.

BUT why on *single* Sorrows do I dwell ? 1495

Throng'd *Mischiefs*, rushing in, my Numbers swell.

Ye *sacred Sisters* ! teach the Song to flow ;

Oh ! lend me All the *Eloquence* of *Woe* !

To paint the *Vengeance* of an *angry* *GOD*,

And *Nations* sinking underneath His *Rod* ! 1500

When

When *Plagues*, and *Famines*, with a wide-stretch'd
 Scatter'd *Destruction*, and laid waste my Land: [Hand,

Till BOULTER's *Pray'rs* and *Zeal* the Storm asswag'd,
 That o'er the Heads of *guilty Millions* rag'd.

The *Plague* sent out, was by This * AARON staid,
 Who rush'd between the *Living* and ^{the} *Dead*. 1506

The *Famine* came, but, by His *Cares*, withdrew :

For, with the *Dearth*, GOD sent This † JOSEPH too.

INVERTED *Seasons* Heav'n's wak'd *Wrath* pro-
 And *Tempests*, by th' ALMIGHTY's *Breath* inflam'd; [claim'd;

Forth issu'd, arm'd, All *Evils* Men can bear, 1511

Want, *Cold*, and *Fear*, allianc'd to *Despair*.

Legions of *Woes*, embattled *Grief* and *Pain*,

Began the *Slaughter*, and o'er-ran the Plain.

* Numbers, chap. xvi. ver. 48.
 xli. ver. 43.

† Genesis, chap.

With furious Rage the *mingled Ruins* spread, 1515
Mow'd down the *young*, nor spar'd the *hoary Head*.
Youth droop'd, like *Roses* blighted in their Prime;
The *Old* seem'd *Statues* long decay'd by Time:
They liv'd each Moment to their *Graves* in Debt,
Condemn'd, altho' *unexecuted* Yet. 1520

THE *barren Land* forgot her *Fruits* to yield;
In *vain* they *plow'd*; for GOD had *curs'd* the Field.
The lab'ring *Hind* forbore to trust his *Spade*,
And us'd it only when some *Grave* was made.
They cry'd to *Heav'n*; but *Heav'n* disdain'd their
And left the *Sinner* to his own *Despair*. [Pray'r, 1526
Scourg'd for their *early Crimes*, the Children spread
Their Hands on high, and howl'd in *vain* for *Bread*!
Wild, as their *Wants*, Men sought for *Food* around;
For *noxious* Roots they tore the *faithless* Ground.

Herbs, Weeds, and Grass, they plunder'd from the
 [*Beasts* ;
 While *Tears* for *Salt*, supply'd their horrid Feasts.

They search'd for *Acorns* thro' the devious Wood ;

Of *Hips* and *Haws* they form'd a *savage* Food ;

By *nightly* Stealth the blooded Ox they drain, 1535

And close, in *secret*, the exhausted Vein ;

Then, drink it reeking from the purple Bowl,

And glut the daring Hunger of the Soul.

They robb'd the *Birds* of *Berries* from the *Bri'r*,

Keen were their *Appetites*, their *Wants* were dire.

Fierce as the famish'd *Bear* beneath the *Pole*, 1541

They rang'd the *Bays* where stormy Oceans roll.

There, putrid *Fish*, ejected from the Flood,

Half-broil'd they eat, nor *loath'd* the hideous Food.

Mussels, and *Limpets*, rotted on the Shore,

They gnaw'd, and ravag'd Rocks and Sands for *more*.

Nay,

Nay, Crouds on Beasts corrupted *Carrions* fed,
Of noisome *Plagues*, and fetid *Murrains*, dead. 1548

HENCE *Fevers*, leagu'd with *Famines*, swept away
Whole *Towns* and *Tribes*, an undistinguish'd Prey.
In *Heaps* they fell; th' improv'ish'd *Suckling* prest,
With livid Gums, the dying *Mother's* Breast. 1452
Forlorn, and lost, the gasping *Widow* lies,
Without *One* friendly Hand to close her Eyes.
Here, *homeless* Wretches rob the Hedge for *Fire*, 1555
Faint in the Field, and o'er the Flame *expire*:
While Others, pierc'd by the inclement *Air*,
Perish by *Cold*, and *Hunger*, and *Despair*.
With *Passion* wild, for *speedy Death* Some pray'd;
For *Life* was, *then*, but *Death* too long delay'd. 1560
While *some*, to prop faint *Nature* fondly strove,
As if with *Pain*, and *Want*, and *Woe*, in Love.

Round

Round their dead *Parents* starving *Orphans* cry'd,
Kiss'd their cold *Lips*, and, helpless, *pin'd* and *dy'd*.
 The *Infant* wanted Strength to burst the *Womb*, 1565
 And in the Mother's *Bowels* found its *Tomb*.
 Nations *unborn* were sacrific'd to Death ;
 Or, if they sprang to *Being*, gasp'd for Breath.

HERE BOULTER'S Soul in its full Lustre shone;
 (*Death* was in *Haste*, and *half* his Work was done)
 Absorb'd, and swallow'd, in the *public* Woe, 1571
 His Tears for *private* Sorrows ceas'd to flow.
 This *Outcast* of the *World*! and *Trade's* *Despair*!
 This *Realm* of *Ruins*! call'd out all his *Care*.
 He pray'd to Heav'n, yet *mingled*, while he pray'd,
 With daily Orisons the plenteous *Aid*. 1576
 This *Father* of the *Poor*, propitious, fed
 Un-number'd Wretches with sustaining Bread.

His

His Stores were lavish'd round; his gen'rous Hand
 Supply'd the *sinking Remnant* of the Land. 1580
Unbounded, unrestrain'd, his Bounties flow'd;
 To *helpless* Thousands, *Thousands* he bestow'd.
Unlimited, the show'ring Mercies fell,
 Like *Rains*, that *Afric's* raging Heats dispel;
 Countless as *Flow'rs*, that grace the splendid Plain,
 When *Spring* sets out with all her liv'ry'd Train. 1586
 From *wiser* * Realms he brought the Corn they hoard,
 And *Health* and *Plenty* by his Cares restor'd.
 With needful Food the hungry Crouds he feasts,
 The *Fields* his *Tables*, and a *Realm* his *Guests*! 1590

JUST Heav'n! whene'er Thy waken'd Wrath begins
 To visit with *such* Dearth's my People's *Sins*,

* It is to be lamented, that, tho' Granaries (especially in Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, to name no more) are so absolutely necessary to the Well being of Ireland; they have never been establish'd by Law.

Oh! send (the temper'd Judgment to assuage)
 Souls form'd like *his*, to mitigate its Rage!
 We *sink*, if *Justice* should such Aids deny, 1595
 Which only *such* a BOULTER can supply.

So *Nile's* o'erflowing Floods Thy Mercy lent,
 The Sun-scorch'd *Ægypt's* Famines to prevent.
 Sudden, where-e'er they run, her burning Sands
 Are turn'd to fertile Fields, and fruitful Lands. 1600
 But, if Thy Vengeance once those Tides restrains,
Heat dries her Furrows, and lays waste her Plains!

NOR stopp'd his Goodness *here* —the *Debtor* too
 From the dark *Dungeon*, and *Despair*, he drew.
 Beneficent, he unbarr'd the * Prison-door, 1605
 And, from their *Wants* and *Debts*, reliev'd the Poor.

* *He paid the Debts of Numbers of poor Creatures who were
 confin'd for small Sums by their inhuman Creditors.*

GOD

GOD to lost *Ægypt* once the *Hebrew* gave,
 Ordain'd the State from wasteful Dearth's to save :
 But yet he bargain'd with the Crouds he fed,
 And *Bondage* was the stated Price of *Bread*: 1610
 But BOULTER, acting with a *nobler* View,
 To *Food* unpurchas'd added *Freedom* too :
 From *Want*, and *Chains*, at once he set them free,
 And gave them more than *Life* in *Liberty*! 1614

NUMBERS some short-liv'd kind Reliefs bestow:
 Those Flow'rs, fresh-pluck'd, smell *sweet*, but cannot
 A transient Aid to lasting Want they bring: [grow :
These give the * *Cup* of Water, *be* the *Spring*.
 He knew the noblest Art of Bounty lay,
 In op'ning Sources that could ne'er decay. 1620

* St. Mark, Chap. ix. Ver. 41.

That, ever flowing with a large Increase,
 Roll on incessant their perennial Race ;
 Doom'd to enrich my Land, when *India's* Stores,
 Exhausted, boast no more their shining Ores.
 And thus were BOULTER's Legacies design'd 1625
 A *Bank of Alms*, to *help* and *bless* Mankind.
These, while he prun'd his spreading Wings for Heav'n,
 With his last Breath, were to my *Children* giv'n :
 His Soul's *true* Pictures, where parental Zeal,
 Prompted by *Wisdom*, watch'd the public Weal : 1630
 Ordain'd to late Successions to descend,
 And but with the expiring World to end.

OH ! Bless'd on *Earth* beyond the human Race !
 Oh ! Rais'd in *Heav'n* to some distinguish'd Place !
 Say, from that shining Mansion of the Blest, 1635
 Where thy long *Toils* are paid with endless *Rest* ;
 Where

Where thou, with *Pity*, must our *Madness* see,
 And, *almost*, grieve for *Us*, as *We* for *Thee*;
 Say, What's th' Amount of All this World *adores*,
 Our gather'd *Treasures*, and our hoarded *Stores*? 1640
 What Value bear the Sinner's purchas'd Lands,
 When, stripp'd, before his awful GOD he stands?
 Is *Justice* to be *brib'd*? Are *Pardons* sold
There, as at *Rome*? and *Sins* redeem'd by *Gold*?
 Sound *loud* the sacred Truths, that Men may know
 The Value of their wild Pursuits below. 1646
 Speak with thy wonted Force to pierce the Heart,
 Till Wretches at their strange Delusions start:
 And, when the Folly of their Ways they see,
 Despise This World for *endless Bliss*, like *Thee*! 1650

OH! Mortals, what are all your Labours here?
 And the wild Tumult of the circling Year?

Whose Prospects with the short-liv'd Rose decay,

Whose *Whole* of *Bliss* is in the *present* Day !

Wealth, by long *Toils*, you struggle to obtain, 1655

Yet find it got with *Care*, and kept with *Pain* !

Lands join'd to *Lands* in vain you haste to buy,

Poor Reptiles! born to *leave* them, and to *die* !

You purchase but an *Inn*, where all your Stay

Is but the weary *Minutes* of a *Day* ! 1660

Behold! the summ'd up Cares of Humankind !

They * sow a *Tempest*, and they reap the *Wind* !

Then, after all their *senseless* Labours past,

Death seizes the repining Fools at last :

When, forc'd to lay the Burden down they bore, 1665

Toss'd in loud Storms, by Night, upon the Shore,

The shipwreck'd Merchants, with their Treasures lost,

Run howling round the dark and dreadful Coast !

* Hosea, chap. viii. ver. 20,

SPEAK, BOULTER ! from the blushing Clouds pro-
 Is *Wealth* an *Honour*, or is *Want* a *Shame* ? [claim,
1670

That thus Men labour here beneath the Sun ;

And, wretched live, to die at last *undone* ?

Is not *One* gen'rous Action valu'd more

In Heav'n, than all the Hoarder's boasted Store ?

Speak, that the griping Wretch, whose narrow Soul,

Within this burrow'd Earth, outworks the Mole,

May lift to Heav'n his *darken'd* Eyes, and try 1677

To lay up Treasures in those Worlds on high :

There wing, by *Charity*, the Soul humane,

Where Deeds of *Mercy* Endless *Mercies* gain ! 1680




SHE ceas'd — unwilling yet to end the Song,
 For LOVE and GRIEF ne'er think their Praises *long*;
 While all the *Nine*, indulgent to her Woe,
 Saw Sorrow's rapid Stream redundant flow.
 In Symphony her wretched State they sung : 1685
 Trembled the Hills, with Groans the Valleys rung :
 The dropping Clouds wept Floods that mix'd with
 And fabled Heav'n the Sign of Mourning wears : ^{[Theirs,}
 Till the dun *Night*, in gloomy Shadows drest,
 That lulls all Passions of the Soul to Rest, 1690
 Clos'd the sad Scene ; when the united Choir
 Swift to their Guardian CHESTERFIELD retire.
 Soaring above the Earth, at once they rise,
 And on expanded Pinions cleave the Skies :

As shining *Meteors* they adorn the Night, 1695
 And reach his Palace with the dawning Light :
 They bring HIBERNIA to the social Dome,
 Their known Recess, and long-frequented Home :
 By *Truth* and *Honour* welcom'd at the Gate,
 With Joy they lead her round her new Retreat. 1700
 Like *him*, they flight the *Palace*, to survey
 The Room, where all the *Works* of *Genius* lay :
 There the bright Labours of the learned *Dead*,
 By *Intuition*, in some *Moments* read :
 The hidden Treasures of their STANHOPE'S Pen 1705
 They read for *Hours*; — then *smile*, and read *again*.
 Then, fir'd with Transport, to his *Presence* flew,
 And bid their *Sorrows*, while *He* lives, adieu !






 ESERTED by the tuneful *Nine*, the Song
 Must, prompted by *my* Heart, the Theme
 [prolong.
 The *Spider*, never form'd to sail the Skies,

From its own *Bowels* spins its *Thread, and flies. 1712

Unaided thus, of BOULTER let me sing,

And trace his Virtues to their sacred Spring:

For sure as plastic Nature loves to tie 1715

All Animals that *swim* to those that *fly*

By the wing'd *Fish*; as *Bats* join *Bird* to *Beast*,

And *Apes* seem but the *Negro* Line defac'd;

* Vide *Lowthorp's Philosophical Transactions, for Spiders flying by the Help of the Thread they shoot out.* Vol. II. P. 794, to P. 796.

As all the Ranks of Being knit remain,
 Nor burst, abrupt, the Links in GOD's Great Chain ;
 So there's an *higher* Species of Mankind, 1721
 By which to *Angels Men* below are join'd :
 And *such* was BOULTER — like our STANHOPE,
 With ev'ry *Virtue* of the human Breast! [blest
 With ev'ry *Charm* that makes Men *truly* Great, 1725
 With *Worth*, to save a *vicious, falling* State!
 Like *him*, the *Bulwark* of a *Realm* he stood,
Fix'd, and *immoveable*, in *doing Good*!
Kind, as *true Friends*, by *various Trials* known;
Bounteous, as *Kings*, when first they mount the Throne;
Zealous, as *Saints*, for *Truth's* eternal Cause; 1731
 As *just* as CATO, dying for the *Laws* :
Knowing, as *Seraphs*, whom their MAKER'S Love
 Exalts, to rule illumin'd Worlds above:

Yet

Yet *guiltless*, as the *Infants*, that *begin* 1735

And *end* their Lives in *Smiles*, before they *sin* :

Gentle, as *Heav'n* to penitential *Tears* ;

And *faithful*, as expiring *Anch'rets* *Pray'rs* :

Humble, as *Mérit* under *Envy's* Rod ;

True, as a suff'ring *Martyr* to his *GOD* : 1740

Temprate, as * *Caloirs* in their pensive Cells ;

Calm, as the *Virgin's* Breast, where *Virtue* dwells :

Watchful, as *Vestals* o'er the sacred *Flame* ;

And fond of All Things that are *good*, — but *Fame*.

OH ! that *such* Men their Course so *soon* should end !

Like *Comets* rise, and, strait obscur'd, *descend* ! 1746

Who might, thro' various Ages, *chear* our *Sight*,

And lend our *darken'd* Globe their *living* *Light*.

* *A Kind of Greek Monks, remarkable for their abstemious Life, and the rigid Fasts they observe thro' the greatest Part of the Year.*

Tho' *late* they rise, too *quick* their Flames expire,
 And, rapid, into Worlds unknown retire. 1750
 E'er yet the *Flood* this guilty *Earth* had drown'd,
 GOD fix'd to human Life a stated Bound :
Crimes throve by lengthen'd *Years*, and Heav'n decreed,
 None that appointed Period should exceed.
 But, had that Law to *Sinners* been confin'd, 1755
 Nor in the Penalty the *Righteous* join'd,
 BOULTER a *Patriarch's* Days had liv'd, and seen
 A *World* decaying, and *his* Glories *green*.

OH! snatch'd from Times where not a Muse sur-
 To lengthen out the Days of mighty Lives : [vives, 1760
 Where *none*, protracting Nature's Doom, prolong
 Thy Race thro' Ages, by a *deathless* Song!
High Merit never should the World adorn,
 Without some *Pindar* to record it born.

But

But *Nature's* at her Ebb; or *wisely* sees, 1765

Exalted Genius suits not Times like *These* :

Where *Fame* Despis'd, and *Glory* in *Disgrace*,

Grandeur and *Wealth* usurp fair *Virtue's* Place.

YET, till some *Muse* immortalize the *Great*,

Slight are their Honours *here*, and *short* their Date.

Verse Only can their dying Names prolong, 1771

For *Glory* blooms perennial with the *Song*.

E'en *mighty Empires* fall like *private Men*,

Nor live to *Fame*, but by the *Poet's Pen*.

The Chiefs of *Greece* and *Troy* had dy'd *unknown*,

With all their Hopes of *high Renown* o'erthrown,

But that in HOMER'S Song reviv'd they shine, 1777

And borrow Laurels from the Bard *divine*.

THE *Muse* Alone can triumph o'er the *Grave*,
 And from *Oblivion* shield the *Great* and *Brave*.
 Aided by *her*, in ev'ry Age and Clime, 1781
 The World's great Worthies mock th' Assaults of *Time*.
Less, by her Arms, than MARO's matchless Strains,
Rome held the subjugated World in Chains.
 Tho' sunk her *Empire*, still the mighty *Name*, 1785
 Triumphant in the Verse is crown'd by *Fame*.
 But, in these *last*, these *much* degen'rate Days,
 As *few* can merit, *few* can write, true *Praise*.
Heroes and *Bards* alike are *thinly* sown,
 They shine by *Trifles*, or they sink *unknown*. 1790
 And if, like BOULTER, some *great* Soul arise,
 He *lives* to *Heav'n*, but to the *World* he *dies* !

THE * Ancients only had the Secret found,
 To keep their *Dead* from Putrefaction sound :

* All Antiquaries are agreed, that the Romans had this
 Art as well as the Ægyptians.

Embalm'd

Embalm'd in Odours lay the long-deceas'd, 1795

By *Death* Unhurt, by *Ages* Undefac'd :

And when their Bards would Deeds renown'd rehearse,

The featur'd Heroes vouch'd the faithful Verse.

But now our *Mem'ries*, with our *Bodies*, rot!

Wept for an *Hour*, then *bury'd*, and *forgot*. 1800

Our poor *Remains* and *Names* alike decay,

And a *long Night* succeeds our short dull *Winter's Day*!

YET, O illustrious Shade ! if Rhymes like *these*
 Can hope to *live* — can hope to *live* and *please*,
 (Vain, idle Thought !) *thy* Name in ev'ry Line, 1805
 The *foremost* in the Lists of *Fame* should shine!
 While, grateful to succeeding Times, I'd hand
 The *Man*, who *sav'd* and *blest*'d my native Land !
 If not — if doom'd to everlasting Night,
 Is All that Moderns *act*, or Moderns *write* ; 1810

If

If e'en a HARRINGTON's distinguish'd Name
 Must on a *single* Age depend for *Fame*,
 Yet shall these Lines like Gladiators come
 To grace thy *Fall*, and *perish* round thy Tomb.
Worthless Themselves, *thy* Worth they'll thus adorn,
 And, dying, shew their Zeal for *him* they mourn. 1815

OH! for a Strain like these my *Tears* to flow!
 Whose ev'ry Word might speak a *Kingdom's* Woe;
 And, pregnant with the Griefs of *Millions*, tell
 How *lov'd* he *liv'd*, and how *deplor'd* he *fell*! 1820
 Oh! for the Language of the Soul, that starts,
 In Bursts of *Passion*, from *afflicted* Hearts!
Love's Sighs! *Oppression's* Tears! *Distraction's* Cries!
 Whatever racks the *Breast*, or drowns the *Eyes*!
 That *distant* Regions may our *Sorrows* share, 1825
 Too heavy for a *single* Land to bear!

Whose Loss in BOULTER has distress'd her more,
Than *Plagues*, and *Storms*, and *Famines*, did before!

SUDDEN, and *quick*, the dreadful Ruin fell ;
No *Light'ning* did the darted Bolt foretell: 1830
No *whisper'd Fears* the fatal Loss fore-run ;
One Moment found us *happy*, and *undone* !
No *Time* was giv'n, lest *Mis'ry* might prepare
To wrest him from his *op'ning Heav'n* by *Pray'r*.
When GOD has some *portentous Work* in Hand, 1835
And sends His *Woes* to purge a *guilty Land* ;
As *Storms* refine the *Air*, *Presages* show
Some *Signals*, that denote the *coming Blow* ;
Tempests burst out, or glaring *Meteors* shine,
And *flame*, expressive of the *Wrath* divine: 1840
But *this* o'erwhelming Sorrow came *alone*,
Big with a Weight of Troubles, All its *own* :

No *Signs* to mark our Doom ; but all was seen,
 Beyond their * Season, *awfully serene* :
 And, e'er the Angels brought him on his Way, 1845
 They *hush'd* the *Winds*, and made the *Skies* look gay.

THUS oft, when *Earthquakes* hasten to intomb
Cities, and *Regions*, in their dreadful Womb;
 E'er the burst Globe convulsive Palsies rock.
 † *Calms*, still as *Death*, precede the horrid Shock :
 Till, all at once, the gaping Ruins rise, 1851
 And in the Gulph a sinking People lies.

* Alluding to the remarkable fine Weather preceding his Death.

† Naturalists observe that great Calms frequently precede Earthquakes. The Reason on which that Observation is grounded, namely, the Multitude of Vapours then pent up in the Earth, needs no Explanation.

AH! wretched Isle, *long* exercis'd in *Woes*!
 When! when shall all thy Troubles find Repose?
 Not All the *Tempests* that around thee roar, 1855
 Not All the *Waves* that thunder on thy Shore;
 Tho' turn'd to yelling *Sighs*, and gushing *Tears*,
 Could speak *enough* thy *Loss*, thy *Sins*, thy *Fears*!
 When *Pity* Hears, and *Innocence* Complains, 1859
Soft should the *Numbers* glide, and *smooth* the *Strains*:
 But Oh! *what* Sounds shall shake the lab'ring Song,
 Where *Grief* lies *heavy*, and where *Guilt* grows *strong*?
 Where a whole *Kingdom's Crimes* GOD's *Anger* urge,
 And *Justice* rouses to resume the Scourge! 1864
 Tremble, poor Isle! since BOULTER'S now *no more*!
 Prepare for *coming Plagues*, reserv'd in Store!
 For as, lest Heav'n's dread Vengeance should consume
 The favour'd Lot, involv'd in *Sodom's Doom*;

While

While *yet* the flaming Tempest hung on high,
 And the red Lightnings linger'd in the Sky, 1870
 The *Angel*, piteous, led him by the Hand,
 And snatch'd him from the *dire, obnoxious* Land ;
 So *Death* did BOULTER from thy Bosom tear,
 Lest *he* should *deprecate*, and GOD should *spare*.

AH! too *content*, too *well-inclin'd*, to leave 1875
 This *wretched Isle*, and hasten to the *Grave* !
 Tho' *lov'd*, tho' *honour'd*, tho' by All *admir'd*,
 At the *first* Call, he from his Post retir'd.
 Yet, lovely Shade, I will not ask thee, Why
 Thou wast so fond to *leave* us, and to *die* ? 1880
 The *Guilty* view, with *Terror*, *Death's* pale Face ;
 And *shudder* at the Monster's cold Embrace :
Anxious for their approaching Fate, they *fear*,
 And *dreadful* strikes the Summons on their Ear !

Like *drowning Wretches*, 'midst the Flood they scream,
And, flound'ring, sink, *reluctant*, in the Stream !

Far otherwise the *Pious* meet their Death, 1887

Resign'd, and *pleas'd*, like *thee*, they yield their Breath ;

Their Souls, rejoic'd, with *rising Ardour* swell,

And triumph in the Course they've run *so well* ! 1890

Smiling, they see the Body's swift *Decay*,

And prune their Wings to soar to *endless Day* !

To HIM, where center All their *Hopes*, they tend ;

And with *more* Force to that Great *Vortex* bend !

MEAN, *grov'ling* Minds, that *earthly* Treasures
With all their *varying* Objects *sink*, and *rise* : [prize, 1896

Great Souls, *unchang'd*, to kindred Heights aspire,

And speed tow'rd *Heav'n* with Joys that still rise
Streams, that depend upon *our* clouded Sky, [higher :

Arc, as the *Seasons* alter, *full*, or *dry* : 1900

Or,

Or, swelling, *drive* their Waves; or, gorg'd with *Mud*,
Roll, with *uncertain* Strength, the *varying* Flood.

But those, which to *perennial* Fountains owe

Their Source, redundant to the *Ocean* flow :

With *growing* Depth they roll their watry Way, 1905

Enlarging still, as they approach the *Sea* :

And so did his *great* Soul pursue its Race ;

Long *Toils* but serv'd his *Glories* to increase ;

And, as he onwards drove his lengthen'd Course,

Advanc'd, at once, his *Grandeur* and his *Force*. 1910

Till Life's expanded *Flood* could spread no more,

Sunk in an *Ocean* without *Bound* or *Shore* !

NAY, as his *Fall* approach'd, and *Life* declin'd,

It not *depress'd*, but *higher* rais'd his Mind.

Wing'd with new *Zeal*, with mounting *Ardour* fir'd,

To meet its GOD th' allianc'd Soul aspir'd : 1916

Deriv'd from *Heav'n*, to *Heav'n*, inflam'd, it run ;
For *Planets* blaze the more when near the *Sun* !

OH! Wafted to your *native* Regions! where
You rule some newly constellated Sphere! 1920
Shine *there!* for *ever* from *this* World remov'd!
With That Great BEING, whom you *serv'd* and *lov'd*!
Shine! and irradiate *Mortals*, that pursue
Your Steps, and run the Race to *Bliss* and *You* !
Tho' *small* the Remnant you have left behind, 1925
Bless'd with *your* Warmth of *Heart*, and Force of *Mind*;
Who languish in your *gen'rous* Tracks to tread,
And *greatly* emulate their BOULTER dead ;
Yet, e'en of *these*, too *many*, who should strive
To keep expiring *Virtue* here alive ; 1930
Who should *some* Features of your Mind retain,
And labour not to have been born in *vain* ;

Into

Into *that* Grave, which holds your *Ashes*, throw
Their *dying* Hopes of *doing Good* below !

HERE, sad, they sigh, where *Virtue* pines alone !
An *old, unportion'd* Maiden, woo'd by *none* ! 1936
Amid the *Dregs* of *unbelieving* Times,
Amid These *Nations* loaded with their *Crimes* ;
Where *Heav'n's* Forgot, where *Faith*, and *Honour* ,
Princes are serv'd for *Place*, and GOD for *Gold* ! 1940
Amid a Race to *ev'ry Vice* inflav'd ;
Beyond the Force of *Remedies* deprav'd !
They combat with an Age where *Merit's* scorn'd,
And *Factions* rage, till with *her* Spoils adorn'd !
Where *public Good* in *private Int'rest's* lost, 1945
And *Heav'n's* Designs to *help* us, *loath'd*, or *cross'd* !
Where, torn by *Parties*, we will scarce give Leave
To GOD to *bless* us, or to GEORGE to *save* !

Where


Where nought, but *Pomp*, or *Pow'r*, or *Wealth*, is priz'd,
 And e'en Great BOULTER's gen'rous Heart *despis'd*!
 Without a *Bust*, * a *Vault*, a *Tomb*, a *Stone*, 1951
 To grace his *Name*, and make his *Glories* known!

YET *here*, tho' no proud † *Cenotaphs* appear,
 To shade thine *Urn*, and mark the *sabled Year*;
 Tho' neither sculptur'd *Obelisks* arise, 1955
 Nor *Columns* lift thine *Ashes* to the Skies;
 Tho' no *Ægyptian* Pyramids ascend,
 Thy dear Remains to *honour*, and *defend*;
 Yet *here* ('tis *All* this *wretched Isle* can give)
 Thy *Name*, for ever *blest*'d, and *lov'd*, shall *live*! 1960
 That *Name*, which, when the Monuments of *Pride*
 Are bury'd with the moulder'd *Bones* they hide,

* He was privately interr'd in Westminster-Abbey.

† A Tomb or Monument, erected by the Ancients in Honour of the Deceased, tho' his Body was deposited elsewhere.

When their vain *Trophies* crumble into *Dust*,
 Our *Breasts* shall guard, enroll'd among the *Just* !
That Name, entomb'd within our *Hearts* shall lie,
 Nor perish, till the *Souls* of Men can *die* ! 1966

HERE *pause*, my Soul ! (for sure, in ev'ry Line,
 These little Breathings of my Zeal are *thine*) 
 Here *stop*, content that thou my Heart hast *eas'd*,
 And this fond Monument to BOULTER rais'd. 1970
 Nor be thou griev'd, that this enervate Lay,
 Owing so *muck*, should yet so *little* pay.
 For, know, what *thy* low Talents can't discharge,
 At God's great Doom *Angels* shall sing at large !
 There Men shall *know*, and heav'nly Poets *tell*, 1975
 How much his Deeds all *human* Praise excel !

TILL

TILL *that* Great Day — dear to my faithful Heart,
 Take, BOULTER ! take this *little* Mite, in Part.
 Nor at this *mean*, this *short-liv'd* Verse repine,
 Since *Heav'n*, and its *eternal* Songs are *thine* ! 1980
 There, prais'd, and praising, ever-during Joys
 (Whose Transport never *sinks*, nor Rapture *cloy*s)
 Enhance those *Virtues*, which, to *Millions* here,
 Have made thy venerable Name so *dear*.
 Oh ! till, with *Thee*, we can partake That Bliss, 1985
Loving, and *lov'd*, be our last Parting *this* ;
 SOON MAY WE MEET ! — till *then*, great Saint, adieu !
 Secure, we'll know 'tis *Heav'n* by SEEING YOU !

HA ! mark ! what Gleam is that which paints the Air ?
 The blue Serene expands ! — Is BOULTER there ? 1990
 Yes ! yes ! — I see him rise, with Glory crown'd ;
 With Rays from Heav'n's rich Wardrobe circled round !

Lo !

Lo! where he darts refulgent from above,
 And smiles upon us with benignant Love!
 Rob'd fair, in White, behold th' angelic Shade 1995
 In all the Majesty of *Saints* array'd!
 See! see! the radiant Wings that speed his Flight!
 Look! *you* whose Eyes can bear *eternal Light*!
 West from the *Pleiads*, search the glowing Sky;
 For Floods of Tears have dimm'd mine aching Eye!
 Near to their splendid Orb the Seraph sail'd; 2001
 And o'er the Lustre of the *Moon* prevail'd.
 Say, Is he *gone*? Blind with the dazzling Blaze,
 Abash'd, I trembled on his Form to gaze!
 Dress'd in the Radiance of celestial Minds, 2005
 I saw him *gild* the *Clouds*, and *wing* the Winds:
 I saw the Glory of his Soul appear,
 Brighter *above*, than lov'd AUGUSTA here!

Brighter

Brighter than all the Charms that fill her Breast,
 Fair as *she'll* shine herself among the Blest. 2010
 Again! again! I spy him where he shines,
 And *darkens* all the *Zodiac's* faded Signs!
 Beauteous, as Heav'n's *Archangels* thron'd in Light,
 He *sings!* he *soars!* — he's vanish'd from my Sight!
 With a white Trail of Beams he marks the Skies, 2015
 Blazing where *Suns* do neither *set* nor *rise!*
 Where GOD's own Splendor gilds *un-ending* Days,
 And fills all Orbs with *undiminis'd* Rays!
 Oh! flown where *mortal* Eyes in vain pursue,
 Never! ah *never!* to return! — *Adieu!* 2020

AND, * HOADLY! Thou ordain'd to fill his Post,
 Born to *restore* whate'er in him we *lost!*

* *The present Primate; to whose generous Subscriptions, and Recommendations to others, the Author is bound to acknowlege the Establishment of Two little Schemes of his (which he hopes will be of some Use to his Country) is very much owing.*

Oh!

Oh! born to see Religion's *better* Days!

Oh! form'd to emulate his *deathless* Praise!

Accept these Lines, from *worldly* Motives free, 2025

Sprung from a Soul that loves *Mankind*, and *Thee*!

Accept them; and, by gaining Heav'n-born *Fame*,

Teach us to dwell the *less* on BOULTER'S Name.

Already, in the Rolls of *Time*, I find

You the high Rival of his *Deeds* design'd: 2030

Who, daring to be *good* in this *bad* Age,

Shall brighten, in our Annals, ev'ry Page;

And *equal* him; while, like *Elisha*, you

Enjoy his *Spirit*, and his * *Mantle* too!

* *Alluding to the Metropolitan Pallium.*



POST-

1853

On the 1st of Decr. 1853 I received from
Mr. J. H. Smith a letter containing the
following information: That the
American Line, New York, London, and
Australia, had been chartered by the
British Government for the purpose of
conveying troops and stores to the
East Indies. The ship was to
depart on the 1st of Decr. 1853, and
was to be commanded by Captain
J. H. Smith. The ship was to
be loaded with troops and stores
for the East Indies. The ship was
to be commanded by Captain J. H. Smith.

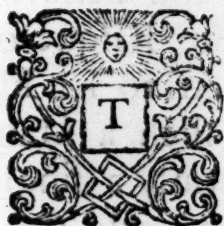
Received of Mr. J. H. Smith
the sum of \$100.00 for
the above mentioned
services.



A

POSTSCRIPT

To the READER.



HO' this may be but an Appeal after Sentence given, yet the Author begs Leave to say something in Arrest of Judgment, before the Reader too severely condemns this Poem.

He wrote it with the same View that ought to influence the Whole of every Man's Conduct, as well as his Writing; *The Hope of doing some Good in the World*. And for That Reason, and that Reason solely, he would be glad to see its Errors either overlook'd, or observ'd with Candour.

He did not undertake it, without reflecting, That it would only be consider'd as a kind of illegitimate Issue of his Pen; and that, as he had, for a great Number of Years, laid aside Poetry for very different Studies, this Relapse into Rhyming would probably be

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the less pardonable, as his long Difuse must have greatly sunk any little Talent that Way; in which, at best, he never could pretend to excell. — He well knew the Difficulty that even Mr. *Pope*, Dr. *Young*, and our most eminent Poets, had found in writing a Moral Poem so as to please: And that, above all others, a Moral Panegyric Poem is the most arduous to the Writer, and, at the same time, the most nauseous to common Readers; who (for Reasons they best know) are but too apt to be delighted with *Satire*, and disgusted with *Praise*.

But the Truth is, the Love, the Honour, the Veneration, the Author had for the excellent Person who is the Subject of it, a due Sense of the vast Donations he heaped on a Kingdom much distress'd, and the Hope of stirring up others to copy his Virtues, and benevolent Mind; made him resolve to run the Risque of writing moderately in Poetry, rather than to let his *Country* or *himself* appear ungrateful to such a Man, and such a Benefactor, who deserv'd not only a single *Poem* to be writ on him, but even *Statues* and *Obe-lisks* to be rais'd to him.

As to the Faults of this Piece, he knows too well how few tolerable Poems of this sort have ever been written, and how many his Defects are, not to be firmly persuaded he has left great Room for Censure: For, to say nothing farther of the Want of Talents, which has too often appeared in this Performance, he had great Difficulties to struggle with from the Nature of the Subject, as well as the Novelty of the Attempt. The languid Stile and Manner, as well as the Barrenness and Boundaries, of Panegyric, must as necessarily
deadened

deaden the Force and Current of a cautious Writer's Course, as a flat Country does that of its Rivers. Such an Author must ever make his Voyage with a secret Dread of that shelvy Shore, and be sensible of the Danger that surrounds him, if he gives himself too great a Loose; and must therefore pursue his Way with a very light and easy Sail. Not that Compositions of this sort are not sometimes to be allow'd (as *Horace* says of Comedy) to lift up the Voice, and rise in proportion to the Majesty of the Hero. And tho' all the great Scenes of War and Victory, of Crowns and Empires, of vast Designs, and high Attempts, were cut off from enlivening this Work; yet something has been attempted with a View to lift it above the common Level of such Pieces. After all, it must be confess'd, that it was leaping with Fetters, and was attended with Inconveniencies that are easier to be enumerated than remedied; and are therefore better forgotten than dwelt on.

However, as the Writer had much weightier Business on his Hands, and had neither Leisure or Skill sufficient to avoid or correct what was censurable, he expects his good Intention, in attempting so new and so difficult an Undertaking, may make a candid Reader pardon him; and as for his Praise, as he writes, (or hopes he writes) with other Views, he is no-ways sollicitous about it.

Among many more, there are Two great Defects, which may raise Prejudices against this Poem, without some tolerable Apology be made for them.

The first is, The Number of Lines in it; which an overflowing Fondness in the Writer for his Subject has chiefly

occasion'd ; who did not enough consider, that the very Length of such a Work, like that of a Beam, makes it less able to bear the Weight that is laid on it.

It is to be hop'd, that it will not put that Fault in a worse Light to say, That, in Deference to the Reader, some Hundred Lines have been prun'd from it, that were not quite unpardonable, in order to lessen the Tedioufness of the panegyrical Part. And tho' the Machinery of the Muses, and the little Incidents of *Hibernia*, that were introduced with the same View, have increased the Bulk ; yet, as they have at the same time divided the Work into separate Parts, it is imagined they may have shortened the Road, as they serve for so many resting Places in the Way.

Another Prejudice that probably will lie against this Piece, is one which is yet more difficult to remove, as it is grounded on the Tempers of Men, and the very Nature of Things ; and that is, that it will hardly be believ'd there is any Foundation in Truth for such a Croud of great Qualities, and extraordinary Encomiums, as seem heap'd together on One Person in it.

The famous * *Pericles* remarks, on those who spoke Funeral Oration, That the Praise which the Hearers think Themselves capable of deserving, they will easily allow to Others ; but if it surpasses their own Merit, it raises their Envy and Incredulity, and they immediately pronounce it Fiction and Flattery. Many judicious Observers on Men and Manners have agreed in the same Reflection ; and it were easy to bring in

* Thucydides, *lib. ii. p. 100.*

† *Cæsar*, and § *Sallust*, and several great Names, to prove this, if it were not confirmed by the best of all Authorities, the Experience of the World, and the Knowledge of what passes in our own Hearts. Yet the Writer cannot help saying, That if any one thinks, that there are many things spoken too highly of this great Man, he believes he can offer some reasonable Apologies, which may greatly soften, if not intirely obviate that Objection.

In the first Place, we may consider, that in Works of this sort, which record the Praises of the Great, and lament their Loss, there is ever something of a Latitude indulged the Writer; and that, now-and-then, a Profusion, both of Thoughts and Expressions a little rais'd, is not only Allowable, but Necessary; and especially where it is highly deserved, and Truth is not injur'd. The Canonizing, as it were, of an eminent Personage, requires a modest Elevation of Words and Things, and a decent Range of Imagination, to heighten the Pomp of the Ceremony; and whatsoever enters There should be dress'd out in all the Cost and Dignity of Appearance that a religious Respect to the Dead can allow; and which, on less Occasions, would be extravagant and improper. A Croud of Images and *Simile's*, and an unaffected Splendour of Style (superior to what is used in Elegies) is sometimes both to be tolerated and expected on such uncommon Solemnities; and therefore the Author frequently aim'd at it, tho' unskilfully, and to a Fault; for he plainly

† *Cæsar de Bello Civili*, lib. ii. p. 196.

§ *Salust de Bello Catil.* p. 6.

finds, he had neither Art to manage, nor Abilities to furnish out the Expence.

It is hop'd, however, that the Reader will favourably consider any thing, that may, in his Opinion, appear too redundant or excessive on that Head, if he thus reflects on the Nature and Rules of this sort of Writing.

But, in the next Place, if he has a well-disposed Heart, and a good Mind, let him ask them, If any one can easily speak too much, or too highly, of so virtuous, so innocent, and every way so extraordinary a Person; who universally drew Love and Admiration from all that observ'd his Conduct, or knew his Character.

To lay aside all his other Excellencies, if we consider a Man spending a long Life in honouring his Maker, and doing Good to Men; If we see him adding great Funds to Hospitals of different Kinds; building and repairing several Churches; founding Eight large Almshouses; relieving, by known and secret Bounties, a great Number of private Families; doing Offices of Charity and Kindness to Crouds, who applied to him for Relief; feeding, for many Weeks, in a Famine, from 3 or 4 to 7 and 8 Thousand indigent Persons every Day, assisting the Imprison'd and the Sick, as well as the Starving; and leaving the Remains of his Fortune, when he died, to pious Uses (the Whole of his Donations making near 100,000*l.*); it may possibly seem sufficient not only to justify an affectionate Poet, but the severest Historian, in any Encomiums he could write on him.

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The Author must add to all this, That what little Honour he has endeavour'd to pay him is still the more excusable, as it cannot be charged with the least Taint of interested Flattery, since he is dead; nor even with any little Views of private Gratitude for Obligations conferr'd; since, except the occasional Kindness of his Conversation or Correspondence, he never ask'd or receiv'd, and, what is much better, never wish'd for or wanted, the smallest Favour from him.

He thinks (as was said before) he had other and worthier Motives for this Performance: Tho', after all, he is so little satisfy'd with what he has done, that if he had been acquainted with one of his Relations or Intimates, who could have furnish'd him with proper Materials, he would much more gladly have written his Life, than have thrown his Panegyric on the Mercy of an Age, at War with every Virtue which HE lov'd, and run *mad* with *mean* but *furiosus Scrambles*, for that *Wealth* and *Power* which HE *scorn'd*.

I will make the Reader some amends for this long Detail in Prose, by a few Distichs of Mr. *Waller's* on an * *Irish* Gentleman's Translation of *Horace's* Art of Poetry; both as they explain the View I wrote with, and, at the same time, apologize for my making use of Verse, in handling such a Subject:

* *The Earl of Roscommon*

— *Verses* are the Charm we use,
 Heroic Thoughts, and Virtue, to infuse.
 Things of deep Sense we may in *Prose* unfold,
 But they move more, in *lofty Numbers* told.
 By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
 We learn, that *Sound*, as well as *Sense*, persuades.
 The Muse's Friend, unto *himself* severe,
 With silent *Pity* looks on all that err :
 But where a *brave*, a *public* Action shines,
 That he rewards with his immortal Lines :
 Whether it be in *Council*, or in *Fight*,
 His *Country's Honour* is his chief Delight.
Praise of Great Acts he scatters, as a Seed
 Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

Reader, Farewell! — Be *happy*, and, to your Power,
 DO GOOD like BOULTER.

F I N I S.

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